New Masses
MARCH 1935
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Eye-Witness Account!

THE Soviet In the Interior of Cuba

By

JOSEPHINE HERBST

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COMING SOON IN THE NEW MASSES:

CUBA on the BARRICADES

ARTICLE II

by JOSEPHINE HERBST

Author of "The Executioner Waits"

whose first story from Havana (printed in New Masses this week) on Cuba's first Soviet—Realengo 18—was a world scoop. She will follow it with eye-witness stories of the current Cuban uprising.

HUEY LONG

by SENDER GARLIN

who has just returned from Louisiana where he made a lengthy investigation of the Senator from Louisiana whose demagoguery and Fascist tendencies are not masked by what many consider his "clowning."

JINGO HEARST

by WILLIAM RANDORF

Hearst in war, Hearst in peace is always the same: conscious of the class to which he belongs and of how to further his own political and financial ambitions, be it fomenting war, starting Red-baiting campaigns, strikebreaking, labor-exploiting or publishing documents known to be forged.

Also, another article on the Middle Class—this one dealing with the plight of the teachers — by Martha Andrews, and Other Features

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New Masses

MARCH 19, 1935

THE NEW MASSES is glad to announce a series of articles "Cuba on the Barricades," by Josephine Herbst, now in Cuba. She is the first writer to see and describe Realengo 18, called the first Soviet in America. Her story in this issue thus is a world-scoop in journalism. The Cuban people are waging a desperate struggle against the inheritors of the Machado tradition—President Mendieta and Col. Fulgencio Batista. The present regime not only carries on in Butcher Machado's best fashion—it improves upon it. Summary execution is enforced. Many have already been killed. The *ley de fuego* (law of flight) has been re-invoked. Leaders of the Left have been "taken for a ride"—their bullet-riddled bodies found in the streets. The official excuse is "attempt to escape." Early reports say two hundred have already been massacred. The American government is an accomplice of these murders. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery is protecting Wall Street interests in sugar. The whole island has been sold out to sugar. Last Sunday morning Col. Batista, after a conference with U. S. Ambassador Caffery transmitted the order to open fire on the strikers. He had hoped to terrorize the people and prevent the general strike scheduled for Monday morning. The spirit of revolution is over the land. All strata—workers, peasants, students, middle-class ranks (Autenticos and the rank and file of the A.B.C.) are united in a common objective: Down with the Mendieta-Batista regime.

READY, AIM—

Limbach

THIS cable was sent by Miss Herbst March 11: "Busses were blown to bits and street cars demolished when scabs tried to operate after bus drivers and street car operators had walked out on strike yesterday. Number of people killed or injured unknown. Bomb blew up outside theater where I was sitting, iron shutter of the theater rang down, everyone sat still except men at the back and myself who rushed into the lobby. Big pools of blood on pavement when I got out of the theater, people huddled in doorways, a few fatalists sauntered along. Some cafes continued to keep shutters up as the noise in the street subsided. Many streets were in complete darkness, houses likewise when cables in a section near the Capitol were cut. Searchlights whirled over the city, picking out roofs of houses where bombthrowers supposed to lurk." The regime has two alternatives, either to resign or to employ the wildest terror. Like Machado it has chosen the latter. But the army and navy is unreliable despite all Batista's protestations. If the peasants and workingmen in uniform turn on the tyrannical government, all Cuba will flame in revolt. Will Roosevelt then send the American fleet and marines to "take the situation in hand?" The Yankee-controlled authorities have already taken steps to throttle all protest. They have arrested the editors of the Cuba Masses and of La Palabra, the anti-imperialist papers. Only immediate and unequivocal protest of the American people can halt the planned massacres. Demonstrations, protest telegrams, letters, mass meetings, can be the means of saving the lives of thousands of Cuba's finest men, women and youth.

THE California Industrial Association, according to reports received by THE NEW MASSES, believes that it is worth $2,000 to prevent John Strachey from speaking in San Francisco. That is what Mr. Colbert Coldwell, leader of the Industrial Association and director of the State Chamber of Commerce, is said to have offered the League of Women Voters to drop

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Strachey after the League had voted by a majority of 32 to go on with the lecture. As reported in these columns, the League decided to sponsor Mr. Strachey despite Hearst's denunciation of him as a "foreign rat." The bribe was not accepted. The Liberal Forum took over Mr. Strachey with the backing of a few honest liberals, and was able to obtain a large hall without difficulty. But when John Strachey lectured in Berkeley, seat of the University of California, across the Bay from San Francisco, no one could be found to "risk" introducing him. Members of the university faculty had sponsored Strachey, yet found it impossible to appear on the same platform with him. In consequence, Strachey introduced himself, lectured, handled questions, and told the audience when he was through. The fact that no one would act as chairman in Berkeley shows how strong are the reactionary forces that have instituted fascist methods throughout California, but thousands of California liberal sympathizers and defenders of labor are showing that the Hearst pogrom propaganda and the "patriotic" terrorists have not got them cowed.

WHEN the House Labor Committee cast a 7 to 6 vote to report favorably on the bill known to impoverished America as H. R. 2827, labor chalked up one of the most important victories in years. It proved the efficacy of ceaseless popular pressure for some measure of relief from submarginal standards. When the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill at first known as H. R. 7598, was drawn up in 1933, its enemies poohpoohed the measure. It hadn't a chance, it was visionary, it was impractical, it wouldn't get to first base. Readers of THE NEW MASSES will recall the debate on the measure by Mary van Kleeck and I. M. Rubinow. Miss van Kleeck effectively demonstrated the practicality and the overwhelming necessity for the bill. While it was conceived and supported by the Communists, 3,000 locals of the American Federation of Labor passed resolutions on its behalf. City councils in many states approved it. The Unemployment Councils demonstrated all over America for the bill. Millions of the 22,350,000 Americans now officially admitted to be on relief, back H. R. 2827. For even the mite they receive today is threatened. Most of them know that federal allocations made to the states for March relief cover only the first fourteen days. Hence the nationwide clamor on behalf of the bill—the echoes of which rattle in the halls at Washington. Nobody doubts that it was the continual deluge of communications of every description that defeated the considerable pressure directed against a favorable vote by the committee. One of the committee members who voted for the bill in a burst of frankness told Seymour Waldman, NEW MASSES writer: "If the unemployed hadn't put the heat on we wouldn't have won." The heat has not been turned off.

HOWEVER, this victory is not the end of the fight. The measure must now come before the House of Representatives for action. The New York Times in describing the bill as one "sponsored by many organizations" reported that "The Department of Labor and national officers of the American Federation of Labor have displayed no interest in it, but Mr. Lundeen claimed today to have the support of 3,500 local unions belonging to the federation." As usual the Times, when it is not lying against the workers, tells only half the truth. The A. F. of L. "national officers" have displayed great interest in the bill—they are out to kill it. And they have used every conceivable method. Mr. William Green even circularized the locals urging them to have nothing to do with this "Communist plot"—but the rank and file went over his head. The Times is considerably perturbed by the fact that the bill would be "controlled and administered by workers and farmers"—odd nouns in a Times story. But before this business is over the Times will undoubtedly be using even stranger nouns and verbs. The administration, of course, is backing the Wagner-Lewis-Doughton Bill, which Congressman Lundeen described as "53 pages which don't do a damn thing for the unemployed." Undoubtedly more disturbing to the administration than any other move of the proletariat recently was the acceptance by the socialist-controlled National Unemployed Convention in Washington of Herbert Benjamin's bid for unity. He represented the Unemployment Councils. Without a dissenting vote the convention decided to "extend every possible effort to advance united action by the unemployed regardless of their organizational affiliation." If twenty-two million persons on relief form a united front for H. R. 2827, neither God nor the Devil can prevent its passage.

JERSEY justice has just ordered one of the most drastic measures ever recorded in American labor history—an injunction against the Newark Ledger strikers. Like Canute ordering the tides to stand still, the court literally demanded the cessation of all strike activity. It not only restrained the strikers from picketing—they dare not even occupy their own headquarters. A striker, according to the ruling, must actually surrender all his rights: he must not even talk to persons on the job—that constitutes "personal molestation." He dare not appear in the vicinity of the "complainant's works." He may not distribute handbills or even circulate the Guild Reporter if it prints one word about the strike. Jersey, like Japan, all but forbids "dangerous thoughts." This almost unbelievable injunction climaxes three months of brave fight by the strikers, all new to organized labor. These high-handed Potsdamer measures were utilized when the publishers and their friends in the right places saw that the strikers' strength was increasing despite the long stubborn struggle: picketers had been gaining ground in one of the sectors that hurt the publishers most—with the newsstands. Labor already had manifested its support by setting up a county-wide council to help the newsmen. Other sympathizers aid by picketing department stores which continue to advertise in the Ledger. Chapters of the Guild, nationwide, have been urged to pledge voluntary assessments. Pledges totalling $3,500 were made almost immediately. The New York Guild has authorized its executive committee to arrange a loan of at least $1,000. The editors of THE NEW MASSES, all members of the Guild, urge our readers to support the strike to the utmost. Money orders should be sent to the American Newspaper Guild, 49 West 45th Street, New York. If this drastic injunction succeeds, workingmen may bet their bottom dollar similar injunctions will be instituted everywhere.

THE Ohrbach Department Store strike has finally been settled with an almost complete victory for the workers. The strike was won after twelve weeks of determined resistance, in the face of an injunction issued by Judge Collins which limited pickets to

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four strikers, and brought wholesale arrests and assaults by LaGuardia's police. The Ohrbach workers, led by the Office Workers' Union, defeated all efforts to smash their ranks. The injunction was repeatedly violated by mass picketing in front of the Ohrbach store. When police arrested their members, workers, professionals, and sympathizers rallied to their support—strikers from the National Biscuit Company, members of the Fur Workers' Union, and class-conscious writers and students joined the picket line, defying arrest, many for the first time. Thousands of shoppers voluntarily turned away and went elsewhere to buy. Violence was not confined to Fourteenth Street. A courtroom full of pickets and demonstrators were mercilessly beaten in night court before the eyes of Magistrate Brodsky. White-collar workers learned that they must face the same terror that opposes every militant union struggling for better working conditions and a living wage. Their courage could not be exceeded even by workers in the industries accustomed to long, bitter struggle—the miners, the steel workers.

THE demands conceded to strikers were a 40-hour week at no reduction in pay, an hour for lunch, a twenty minute rest period during the afternoon, and the cessation of unjust discharges. Employes were promised a special elevator to take them from their floors to the street during lunch hours so that their free time would not be wasted by needless waiting. Charges against arrested strikers were dropped; reinstatement of all strikers and freedom for union activity without discrimination against union members were granted. The demand for a 10 percent increase remains to be settled (though strikers won a reduction of working hours without a corresponding reduction in pay), and negotiations will be initiated in the near future. The Ohrbach victory sets a precedent for the whole country. Hundreds of large department stores conceal behind their elaborate exteriors conditions as bad or worse than those brought to light in the Ohrbach store. Their employes are ripe for organization. The store-clerks will not spinelessly submit to being hired and fired on their "personality and charm" like sing-song girls, as Judge Cotillo's injunction admonishes them to do. They will unionize and fight like their brothers in the heavier industries.

NOW on picket lines are clerks of the James Butler grocery chain—sixteen arrested March 2—and the next workers to go out will be those of the Daniel Reeves stores, pharmacists and other low-salaried groups. In these strikes, for the first time, consumers are taking organized action on behalf of strikers. Following the successful participation of the League of Women Shoppers in the Boston Store strike at Milwaukee, a branch of the League has been organized in New York. Women active in the new organization point out that during times of strike in a department store or factory, women patrons of the stores involved should be informed of the facts and protest to the management. Once they have taken this initiative they will, as individuals, refuse to buy from the store or factory until the demands of the employes have been met. Hundreds of customers, seeing the fine spirit displayed by the white collar workers on Union Square, have turned away and gone elsewhere to buy. Hundreds of others have stopped asking for the products of the National Biscuit Company. The League of Women Shoppers in New York, though just organized, has already sent a delegation to Mr. Thomas, personnel manager of Ohrbachs, and have further plans in the event of new store strikes. Shoppers have common interests with the men and girls behind the counter. Together they bring a powerful weapon to the strike front. Those seeking further information are urged to communicate with the League of Women's Shoppers, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.

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SOME months ago, discussing the multiplication of books-of-the-months, prize-awards, and other publicity devices of the waning book business in capitalist countries, it was prophesied here that we would see, in time, a "world book of the year." This prophecy is now being realized. Farrar and Rinehart, the Literary Guild, and Warner Brothers-First National Pictures are the American sponsors. Similar groups in Great Britain, France, Spain, Hungary, Italy, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden will sponsor the selection in those countries. In view of the number of fascist governments involved, the judges chosen are significant. Carl Van Doren, William Soskin, and Joseph Wood Krutch, who apparently may be depended upon to make a selection suitable to fascist tastes, are the American Committee. The ubiquitous Carl Van Doren will be the American representative on the International Committee which will include Hugh Walpole, Sigrid Undset, Rudolph G.

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Binding, and a French judge still to be chosen. The money award will be $20,000, which will be payment for book and book club rights and will include an option on film rights. Probably with this stimulation the sick prize-goose of capitalist publishing will lay one last, big, fourteen-carat gold egg. But the labor pains are likely to be fatal, and the egg, though it be gold for the publishers and the movie moguls, is likely, when offered in book form, to have so lethal a stench as to kill off new large sections of the reading public in capitalist countries.

IT IS no news to our readers that William Randolph Hearst doesn't like the Soviet Union. His hatred of the workers' fatherland is such that he and his scribes have long ago reached the point of desperation seeking new items to add to the indictment. Yet he has overlooked some of the facts about the U. S. S. R., more damaging to his peace of mind than anything he has yet said. Recent reports from Russia have indeed been pretty terrible. What do those dastardly Bolsheviks mean by developing a medical education so efficient that since 1921 no epidemics have occurred of cholera, typhus, typhoid, or smallpox, all of which used to be frequent scourges of Czarist Russia? What do they mean by doubling the salaries of all the physicians in the country? Just what do they mean by increasing the consumption of the best white bread and cakes and meat and fruit and vegetables? It was distressing enough to hear of the abolition of bread-cards, but now it actually turns out as we had feared all the time, that Soviet prices in general and the prices of agricultural products in particular are steadily falling and workers may over-eat. Also, it may be of minor importance but the news of the coming Spring being greeted by the brightest and cleanest Moscow in history is a bit disconcerting. The Bolshevist vandals are tearing down old buildings, and disturbing the insects and vermin which have become the stock-in-trade of Dirty Willie's slanderous sheets. They are erecting new houses, they are paving new streets, they are planting trees all over the city. They are creating new boulevards, opening the subway, speeding trolley service.

AND in the villages too, things are not quite what one would like them to be. The collective farmers are becoming well-to-do. The Central Asian cotton regions, despite last year's drought, are producing so much cotton that there is the danger of the Soviet Union exporting 500,000 tons this year. While we in this country are doing the only intelligent thing in plowing under the cotton crop, determined to save our "civilization," the Bolshevik lunatics have proclaimed "Cotton Independence" as their slogan. They are trying to achieve this through pampering the peasants. It is heartbreaking to read the report of the Moscow correspondent of one of the leading Nazi newspapers: "There is no doubt the Soviet Union has changed from a cotton importing to a cotton exporting country." And what's worse, "Food and living conditions in the Soviet cotton belt are now excellent."

THE proposed retiring of the national bank notes to the extent of $675,000,000 which the U. S. Treasury announced on the 10th of March, has a two-fold basic purpose. In the first place, it is in line with the intent of the pending banking legislation to concentrate the powers of all banking and currency issues in the hands of the U. S. Treasurer, through the instrumentality of the Federal Reserve Board. In the second place, the substitution of U. S. gold certificates for the outstanding national bank notes provides a reserve for the issuing of two and one-half times that much new currency. The reduction of the public debt which the step also involves is altogether of minor importance, if one realizes that the total Federal debt now outstanding is very close to 30 billion dollars. Essentially, therefore, this new action on the part of the U. S. Treasury Department is aimed to help clear the deck for any further steps the government might wish to take for the expansion of the currency and credit. It follows the recent (Feb. 14) proclamation by the President extending until March 3, 1937, the emergency privilege of the Federal Reserve Banks to issue Federal Reserve notes on the basis of all direct governmental obligations. Hitherto, only national bank notes and federal bank notes could be issued with that kind of backing, and that was limited to a relatively small proportion of the government obligation, to those specifically carrying the "circulation privilege." All this Under-Secretary Coolidge admitted in spite of the contrary implications of the press headlines. "I don't like the word inflation," Mr. Coolidge stated in the announcement, "but this step makes it possible to put more money into use."

NO sooner had the current issue of New Theatre reached the newsstands but hundreds of bewildered readers telephoned the editors for an explanation. On page 10 appeared four "Fragments" from *Panic,* a new work by Archibald MacLeish, the same poet whose "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's Radio City" had earned him a key position among the incipient fascists of American literature. Readers of New Theatre as well as the entire following of the revolutionary press are entitled to know what has made possible the appearance of Mr. MacLeish in a revolutionary publication. And it is largely for this reason that THE NEW MASSES and New Theatre have arranged for a production of MacLeish's play and a critical symposium on the play to take place March 15 at the Imperial Theatre. The first part of the evening (beginning 8:20 sharp) will be given over to a performance of *Panic;* the second, to a critical symposium in which Stanley Burnshaw, John Howard Lawson, V. J. Jerome and Archibald MacLeish will speak. *Panic* is described as "a drama of the industrial crisis." The fact that two cultural organs of the revolutionary movement have sponsored this program does not necessarily imply their endorsement of MacLeish's new work. But it does mean that *Panic* by its very nature raises certain problems of importance to revolutionary art as well as a reconsideration of the political status of its author.

WHEN Secretary Ickes recently announced that food prices were up and still rising, he was asked what he would recommend as an economical diet. "Fish and potatoes," the Secretary smiled back. His hint was not lost on those who control the market. Within ten days the Consumers Food Guide, published by the New York Department of Public Markets, was able to report a sharp rise in the price of fish, particularly in the cheaper varieties. This leaves potatoes as the government's sole recommended food for workers; and we can look confidently for a report that the potato market is skyrocketing. Then what? Suppose a million workers then sat down and wrote to the Secretary, and asked him: "What shall we eat?" What would Marie Antoinette Ickes say?

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THE HEARST-WESSEL QUARTETTE

William Gropper

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Civil War in Greece

WHILE Venizelists and monarchists are dispatching murderous machines of war against each other, the warships of France, England and Italy quietly anchor at Piraeus, the port of Athens. These great powers always pop up on the scene whenever the Balkans begin to squabble among themselves. Turkey mobilizes troops along the Thracian border, and fascist Bulgaria shouts protests to Geneva. Rumania complains that Bulgaria is massing men on the Greek frontier. Yugoslavia has denounced Italy as the chief instigator of the brawl.

The people most concerned, the Greek masses, have nothing to gain from either side. They have been fighting both for years, through their trade unions, to obtain the barest means of existence. According to a wireless from Vienna, "Apart from the general officers the troops have little interest in the political intrigues of the rival leaderships."

The old "liberal," Venizelos, has been kept out of the government spoils for several years and decided to start a palace revolution. Under the rule of the monarchist party and Premier Tsaldaris the people of Greece are starving. The cost of living has risen above 22 percent, unemployment has mounted and those fortunate enough to be employed are subjected to constant wage cuts. Professionals and intellectuals in Athens are glad to get manual labor. The economic policy of the regime has proven a complete failure. The "battle of grain," the boasted effort to obtain national sufficiency of agricultural products, petered out; the budget deficit amounts to 151 billion drachmas in spite of the mountain of taxes borne by the populace.

The struggle at present going on, which threatens the peace of the world, is a desperate effort on the part of either the monarchists or the Venizelists to obtain a basis of popular support. One party cries "the king and national honor," the other, Venizelos' following, raises the equally false promise of "freedom and the republic." They are the typical slogans of fascist factions everywhere, and under a war budget of 500 million drachmas Greece is crowded with armaments and marching men who must be employed. The workers are looking neither to Crete nor Athens for their deliverance. The great tobacco regions have been torn again and again by militant strikes. More than 100,000 were involved in strikes in the tobacco industry in 1934. Tax strikes of peasants, artisans and small business men have been frequent. Greece has a militant proletariat and lower middle class. Socialists, Agrarian Party, Communists and the great trade unions have formed a powerful united front. Scores of communities are ruled by workers' representatives.

Of all the powers, Great Britain probably has the largest interest in the control of Greek foreign policy. Seventy years ago she made Greece a "present" of the Ionian Islands. Last fall, a British prince, George, married Princess Marina, daughter of the Greek pretender, Nicholas, and England is now holding out the bait of the island of Cyprus. She has already come in for valuable internal concessions at the hands of Venizelos, who freely used Greek utilities and public lands as bribes while he was in power.

France, to insure her interests in the Balkans, is supporting the Tsaldaris party. German and Hungarian fascists are also seeking influence with the monarchists; but England, which is credited with instigating the Venizelos movement, is likely to play the major role in any settlement, even if the Venizelos putsch should fail—as now seems very likely.

Thieves Falling Out

WHEN fascist demagogues expose each other they do not pull punches. The substance of Huey Long's indictment of the Roosevelt-Johnson New Deal is that the kitchen cabinet of F. D. R. consists of "the same men or set of men" who advised Hoover by the way of the back door; that where Hoover only suggested plowing up every fourth row of cotton, Roosevelt actually ordered the plowing up of every third row; that "millions have starved and gone naked" since the delirious inaugural of March 4, 1933, and that 75 percent of the people today have nothing, while two percent own 80 percent of the wealth. Senator Long might have been reading the Daily Worker. On the other hand General Johnson says Huey is "the Hitler of one of our sovereign states" and "a dictator by force of arms."

As we go to press, Father Coughlin joins the chorus. The General, he says, is "a Bourbon, a comic opera cream puff with an underslung vocabulary." Invoking the names of Washington and Jefferson, and "the bleeding hearts at Valley Forge," the good padre denounces Johnson as a general "who never faced an enemy." It is notable that Coughlin reiterates his faith in Roosevelt and is discreetly silent about Long.

The mud-slinging recalls the Nazi blood purge, when Hitler not only murdered his buddies, Roehm and Schleicher, but heaped them with infamy.

One purpose, at least, is served by the radio champions of America. While they distract the millions with free air, Wall Street, the F. E. R. A. and the War Department are busily driving more of us toward starvation, and the courts, the police and vigilantes jail, enjoin, beat and murder protesting workers. As the saviour from Louisiana says "it looks more like the St. Vitus dance" than government.

Huey followed up his broadside against the administration with columns about his own "share the wealth" panacea. Fascists who are climbing the shaky ladder to power promise all things to all men, as the Nazis did. If John Brown, unemployed American steel worker with a family, wants a house,a bedstead, an old piano or even a block of stock, all he has to do is to go to Senator Long of Louisiana and get it. Huey says he will take it away from Mr. Mellon or somebody else who has stock and houses to the amount of more than $6,000,000 or an income of more than a million a year. But he adds, "Communism? Communism? Hell no! This plan is the only defense this country's got against Communism. . . ."

Huey's hooey so far makes him the favorite horse in the all-American demagogue sweepstakes. But the race is fixed. When the time comes, Johnson, Long, Coughlin and Roosevelt will be pulling together, cheered by the Mellons, all waving the same U. S. swastika.

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THE SOVIET IN CUBA

JOSEPHINE HERBST

This first article of Josephine Herbst's series, "Cuba on the Barricades," describes "Realengo 18," where the peasants have taken over the land and set up a community described as the first Soviet in America. Her article was smuggled out of Cuba after the Mendieta government declared a military dictatorship and clamped down on the mails. Miss Herbst spent five days on horseback to travel into the mountains to "Realengo 18." She was the first journalist ever to have made that trip. She returned to Havana just when the current fighting broke out and wrote up the first eyewitness account of "Realengo 18" while machine-gun fire raked the streets of Havana and many were killed.

Josephine Herbst was sent to Cuba a month ago as our correspondent when we received reports that the 1935 Zafra (sugar harvest) would reach an all-time low as a result of the Roosevelt Reciprocity Treaty.

The season in 1934 lasted 45 days. This year's was even shorter. Thus hundreds of thousands of Cubans with no other means of livelihood were literally sentenced to death. Washington knew this. Conversations began between our Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, Col. Fulgencio Batista and President Mendieta, who had pledged allegiance to Wall Street to win his position. Expenditures for arms and soldiers shot sky high. The sugar centrals (where the grinding takes place) were converted to fortresses. The military budget surpassed the record set by the tyrant Gerardo Machado who was driven from Cuba in 1933. His army totalled 14,000 men. Mendieta's is almost double. This excludes the ordinary police force and the private police of the big Yankee sugar companies (Wall Street owns most of the island). The secret service of Batista takes the place of Machado's dreaded Porristas who did not hesitate to throw labor leaders to the sharks in the bay at Havana.

In the present revolutionary strike workers and peasants have rallied all over the island behind the 350,000 students and teachers who walked out first against the Mendieta regime. A "frente commun" (united front) was established. The objective is to get rid of the Mendieta-Batista regime, to force the withdrawal of the death penalty in the sugar fields and mills, to regain civil liberties and to win improved living standards.

THE EDITORS.

HAVANA, MARCH 7.

I CAME down from the mountains of "Realengo 18" ten days ago. When I went there, five days before, people were saying that strikes were impossible in Cuba, outlawed by Mendieta's decrees. A decree making death the penalty for sabotage in the sugar-cane fields and mills had been put in force just before the season of harvesting and grinding cane began. One third of a million teachers and students have been on strike for nearly three weeks. Machado, the great outlawer of strikes, fell by one, and today Mendieta's government seems to be trembling as a new general strike slowly but surely gains momentum. Last night soldiers took possession of the university. Flocks of leaflets moved like quicksilver through the streets. Employes from the public service broadcasted their manifesto stating their demands, calling for a broad united front of all groups against military dictatorship, against imperialism. This strike that Batista is so certain he can stop with his army, comes from such deep needs and sores that no one can say where it will end. Talk floats around possible alignments, of A. B. C. and Autenticos, of old-line parties rallying together; but one must travel up and down this island, talk to teachers, lawyers, workers in cane fields, small farmers, clerks in stores, people sitting on park benches, to realize that no coalition, no political management or mismanagement will be of avail unless it brings freedom from military oppression and some better way of life to people so desperate to be free that bullets will not retard them.

"Realengo 18" is in the mountains of the eastern province of Oriente. It cannot be separated from the rest of the island, for all that. Hunger is the power that drives the farmer there, just as it is the power that runs the sugar mills. Call it electricity if you like. It's the hunger that makes a worker cut cane for 20 to 80 cents (the latter is rare), makes him huddle in one-room huts or barracks for a little rice, some beans, some coffee, all sold dear in the company stores, and when the brief season is over, slowly starve through the long "dead season." This island, banded with pale green stripes of cane, dedicated to cane as if it were a ritual and all must worship, shows little land given to the raising of food in the long bus ride from Havana to Santiago.

But in "Realengo 18," on mountain sides so steep it seems as if only flies could cultivate them, the deep tobacco colored soil teems with food. Coffee and bananas patchwork the mountainsides in lines neat as machine stitching. Tall palms shoot to the sky from valleys and along the mountain tops. A hundred herbs flower and provide the only medicine that the sick in these parts know. For "Realengo 18" is a country the government forgot. It is even hard to find, lost in the mountains at the end of narrow trails. No road ever came here, no teachers and no doctors. To reach "Realengo 18" one rides a horse, takes trails that go steeply up a mountain side through thick virgin forest and jungle, sprouting ferns and vines as tangled as hair. But from the ridge, the secret mountainsides of "Realango 18" appear, the deep valley, the many thatched huts of Realengo men, the terrifically tilled soil, where everything grows bigger; cane taller; vegetables that on the rest of the island weigh a few pounds here grow to 75 pounds; *yucca,* a vegetable root, becomes 6 feet long.

Here where food grows so well there is also misery of poverty, but it is different. The huts clustering around the sugar mill below live daily under the eye of the army. Here the army comes to spy but even the army withdrew from Lion Alvarez and his men, fighting last August to oust soldiers who had remembered "Realengo 18" only to try to grab it from the people who had cultivated it from a wilderness. "Land or Blood" is still the cry of "Realengo 18," as it was then. Here where so much grows, the big sugar mills, the Royal Bank of Canada mills and others owned by companies in the United States, have tried to penetrate with troops to claim it for their own. One must remember the origin of realengos. In the old days, land division was made to the rich gentry in circular areas. The interstices between these contiguous circles belonged to the government, if anyone, and were known as realangos. "Realengo 18" is one of such divisions of land. The legal ownership is claimed by various companies but actually, after the Ten Years' War for Independence, the soldiers who had fought were supposed to be rewarded with land in "Realengo 18." The distribution was not perfected by the general in charge and the men took it over themselves. Following the Spanish-American war, the soldiers were paid off with an American loan and some Realengo men bought little businesses with their money in nearby towns. In 1914 the tide went back to the land again. Sugar companies were ruthlessly burning virgin timber over the island, planting every inch to cane. Cane crawled to the very door of huts, big blocks of land, never to be cultivated, were gobbled up by vast companies in the expectation of future usefulness. From over 30 percent of farms owned by individual farmers in 1904, less than

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10 percent control any land today. After sugar prices skyrocketed in 1920, the land was grabbed into a few big sacks, and the people of Cuba found themselves stripped bare.

But in "Realengo 18" the struggle to retain the land by the people who had cultivated it with such toil, began. Many of the Realengo men know the slavery of the sugar-cane fields. When they fight, they are fighting against the misery of the *barracones.* The iron ring of mills that squat in the valleys, forming a tight cordon around the Realengos, have no legal right to the land, and only an army backed by Batista can gain success. On one pretext or another they have tried to sneak away this land. By bribes and fraud and various manipulations they tried to gain title to mortgaged property.

Lion Alvarez vs. Federals

IN 1920, Lion Alvarez came to a crisis in his life. Lion Alvarez was a teamster by trade, born in a little town near Santiago some 55 years ago. He was a youth at the time of the Spanish-American War and he came out with the title of lieutenant. All men in "Realengo 18" wear the *machete,* a broad swordlike instrument with which alone they cultivate the land and with which they also fight. But Lion Alvarez wears the silver-headed sword of a Spanish general whom he killed in the Spanish-American War. For years he worked for a big proprietor of land and mills and then, in 1920, this man tried to bribe Lion Alvarez to drive the people from "Realengo 18" and to turn the land over to him.

Instead, Alvarez began a long fight for his people and their land. He had saved several thousand dollars and he has spent it all. Convinced that the land really belonged, legally as well as morally, to the people, he and the men of "Realengo 18," some 5,000 of them making with their families 15,000 people, formed an association known as Associacion de Productores Agricolas del Realengo No. 18 y Colindantes. This association, with letterhead and typewriter, has meetings regularly in an old palm thatched shack, has officers, and at first tried legal methods.

In August, 1934, the army started to attack after Realengo men had driven out surveyors perched on mountain tops measuring the land. Lion Alvarez, at the head of some thousands of men, filled the forest, waited for the soldiers who could see the men behind the trees in the deep wood, machetes in hand. The officer at the head called out that he had orders to attack, but he was afraid to attack; there were so many trees that bullets seemed useless. At this moment, Lion Alvarez answered that he, too, had orders. His orders were to defend. The captain and his men withdrew from such stubborn resistance and so critical was the situation that honeyed diplomacy was tried. At Lima where a thousand Realengo men assembled and big shots of Oriente came to try demagogy since force had failed, promises were made to the people of Realengo. The men went home. None of the promises has been kept. Spies have been sent in, troubles brewed, attempts have been made to bribe some of the people. The 5,000 men have held out. Lately, since their struggle last August in which the workers of Santiago went on sympathetic strike, they have discussed joining the National Confederation of Labor. Lion Alvarez is being hunted today by army guards who hope to get him, thinking that if they do the struggle in Realengo will be over. They little know these people.

Most of the farmers in Realengo are real mountain people. Some of them came from nearby localities, many have worked on cane projects. Lion Alvarez is a very black Negro, small and compact, in a blue shirt, white coat and trousers tucked into military-looking boots. It is night, and Lion has come secretly over the trails to avoid soldiers who may be following in the darkness, to the house where I am staying. He has come alone and he stands suddenly outside the door where we sit inside around a single kerosene lamp lighted luxuriously for company that evening.

It is my second night in "Realengo 18." This is the house of Gil Hierrezuelo. He is in Havana and we have been talking about him as it grows dark. His wife has just shown me his picture and for a few minutes we are two women, showing each other pictures of our absent husbands. Gil is in Havana and the word *lucha,* struggle, is the one heard most often in "Realengo 18." Gil is struggling there, he is talking to university students who have gotten to their feet at a mass meeting to pledge support of "Realengo 18"; he is talking to unions, he is learning much. "Always this struggle," his wife says, "never any end. Struggle, struggle." She is a white woman, he is a Negro. There is no race problem here. Two of her children are white, two colored. We came to her house in the broiling sun of midday. The house has a steep, thatched roof of the sweetsmelling *vetiver,* its sides are palm thatch. There is one big room, earthen floor; at the end is a long pyre of logs and stones; on top two railroad ties hold the fire on which sit pots. The pots are tin cans. There are few dishes in Realengo homes. Clothes are few but some huts have sewing machines, and once I saw a party of women going to a funeral all dressed up in beautifully ironed modish clothes, with bundles balanced on their heads as they walked gravely along the path. Roosters peck at half a cocoanut under a table, pigs and a little goat move chummily around one's feet under the table. But for all their toil, no tools are here; many have never seen a plow. Hands and the machete must do the work. Home-made implements help along; a log hollowed for a pestle makes a coffee grinder. Much coffee drinking goes on in "Realengo 18," but the diet is montonous; often there is hunger. Coffee and bananas, yucca and malango, ñame and beans are a pellagra diet. All of them have chickens, but a chicken's neck is seldom wrung; they lay eggs.

We have chicken cooked with pimento tonight and there is order in this home, a basin of water to wash in and a clean towel. Two rooms here for sleeping, where most

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houses have one. The sheets are very clean, but at night it is cold to the bone; gunny sacks do not give much warmth. This land so rich to see, takes much and gives little to those who work it. A huge bunch of bananas brings 13 cents; 120 pounds of ñame, $1 sometimes, oftener 40 cents; a barrel of balanga, 40 cents; 180 pounds of shelled corn $2. When it comes to buy, the merchants have them by the throat. Everything is very dear: $1.25 for poor shoes, $1.85 for overalls, a shirt $1.25, a sombrero $1.80.

We sit talking about prices and the way in which workers in factories and the farmers are bound up together; neither can live without the other. The mountains turn a lovely, iron blue. The first great star comes out above the palms. It is tranquil here but we have been talking of the misery in Santiago, of open sewers, of workers in jail, and Gil's wife is quietly packing a little knapsack of food for the less well-off family of one of my companions. He was an actor in Santiago until 1925 and calls out the names of towns he played, in North and South America, as if announcing trains. Now his oratory is confined to *lucha.* A picture of himself hangs incongruously on the wall of his hut. Eight very intelligent and beautiful children, his wife and himself crowd into one small hut. At night the beds groan miserably with the cold of human bones, the actor in his hammock explodes suddenly in the dark in a short fierce speech of rebellion; the early morning is very cold and the fire in this house is on the open ground. Yet all around, the mountains have been cultivated with such indescribable toil. Up at dawn, water to be hauled from far-off springs, food to be gathered somewhere. Pigs and chickens are always hungry, fight each other for stray morsels. During the time I was in Realengo only one home had more than coffee for breakfast. That was the home of Gil Hierrezuelo.

But hospitality everywhere. The trails so steep the horse slips and corkscrews down as if he might pitch to the bottom, lead to homes where whatever is there, belongs to the guest. Talk is fine, and here where no trains have come, autos have scarcely been seen, the words "imperialism, struggle," united front of workers and farmers," are common as sun and air. Some farmers are slower than others, some do not see the clear implication of their tussle to hold the land, but all are united in their association and they are determined to fight before they give up.

Earlier in the day we had stopped at the home of Argimiro Gainza, Realengo poet. A Haitian worker, speaking French, sat modestly listening with delight to the rest of us talk about Maxim Gorki. The wife served coffee in tiny cups. Two beautiful, naked little girls sat shyly on a stool. Big gourds held water, tin cans served for pots, but the sleeping-room had fewer beds than most, as this couple have as yet only two children. The majority of Realengo homes house ten.

No government schools ever came to "Realengo 18." Recently a school with fifty children holds sessions every day, taught by a young teacher from the Anti-Imperialist League in Havana. Until lately she had no blackboards, but now workers are collecting books and pencils for this school. Not long ago the women got together to form a group to help in the struggle. Lanterns went up and down the steep blue mountains, way into the night. Fifty women met at the first meeting, were a little tongue-tied at first, but came to life when a speaker began to talk about the women's movement in the Soviet Union. Then the women of Realengo decided to form one such group each night for a week until all the *barrios* or districts of "Realengo 18" were organized. Though the distance is far and the mountains steep, they toiled up and down for a week, starting new groups, the lanterns winking in the dark, moving their light from darkness to darkness.

These people are not fooled; they know their danger. They say and feel that they are a Soviet. Since the forming of the association, no further contracts have been made with the companies who had gained their title to the land through force and bribery. No rents are paid. The Realengo men hack out new trails. One person's land is looked at critically; shouldn't he cut that tree? A farmer jogs along on his horse, smoking a cigar, passes a man who has no cigar. "How about a puff," says the cigarless one and the cigar changes hands, may change hands once more as the traveler stops in some hut and is looked at hungrily by a man in a hammock shelling corn into a big tin basin.

They know their danger. Even if they are brave as lions they know they need the workers of this island. Up here, so high, even in the darkness, one has only to step out of the room into the deceptively sweet night to feel the world. Far down below in daylight, one can see the sick green of cane spreading like a poison over this island, soaking into the bones of workers like an acid, keeping them impoverished for the profit of foreign capital. In Santiago, I saw bruised backs of workers beaten with machete blades because they belonged to syndicates, saw the bloodsoaked clothes of a student beaten with the butts of rifles, visited the highest institution of learning in Oriente, an old building—once a barracks with mouldy, dark rooms able to house perhaps 400 students while 3,000 clamor for education. The tattered maps, a chemical laboratory with broken test tubes, empty bottles, lensless microscopes, pieces of an old telescope, moth-eaten birds with shattered wings, a tiny library with a few hundred books—in all Oriente province there aren't 10,000 books—this garbage is the government's offering to its people. Half the population on this island is illiterate, while Batista gets $500,000 more for new barracks and every soldier stands in nice, starched uniform with rain-cape and plenty of firearms.

"Impossible to harvest the *zafra* without the army," say the government defenders claiming that terrorists had threatened to destroy the cane. But *workers* are jailed, are driven from their huts if they dare to lift their voices to ask for more wages or even to ask for wages already due them. This island is sick with sugar. It is sick of an ancient disease, and nowhere in the world have parasites flourished so abundantly in their day. Now even the foreign capitalists shiver for their investments. Profits have gone low, and under an iron rule the island strains and tugs. The street in Santiago, where the Negro hero Antonio Maceo was born, is full of ruts and open sewers, but the walls are scrawled with "Down with Batista. Down with imperialism. All out for the general strike." School buildings are rotting, but from their walls hundreds of thousands of students have streamed in an unprecedented strike movement. They asked

Builders of the Soviet

WE are in the living room of Gil Hierrezuelo. The little, dark, terribly strong man is in the doorway. Everybody gets up with a glad cry; two of the men embrace their leader. We sit down and talk begins, practical talk, about Lion's danger, about the necessity of never trusting a "guaranty." Look what happened to Sandino. The names of Sandino and Pancho Villa come into the discussion often. Lion is not a bandit type. He is an excellent organizer and executive with a fearless eye. In his right arm are two bullets and in his left one from the guns of sugar companies. He takes out glasses from a little handmade case of red and white calico, unrolls receipts for taxes on the land. Legality still troubles him as a deep sore that broils and bubbles. He feels outraged to his bones for the humiliation of being right and being put in the wrong by the greed of companies who gave nothing but bribery and tricks for this land that cost so much sweat. Someone wants to know how he will prevent capture if they try. He smiles slowly and for the first and only time during the two times I saw him in Realengo. He slowly draws out a revolver, lays it deliberately upon the table, smiles brilliantly and convincingly. His men have learned military tactics since they had to defend themselves,—give up their land or die. Only that day, as we toiled over a mountain covered with virgin timber, we saw the lookout huts covered with palm, where Realengo men lay last August waiting to spot the militia moving up from below.

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for education and they received an army.

In Realengo, the forgotten country, no government schools bothered to come, but struggle has come, self-conscious, determined struggle and struggle is educating the uneducated. Cuba, forgotten for all except plunder, is teaching itself. Strikes in the last two years have slowly accumulated a steady power. Denied the right to strike, the masses are striking. Denied the right to meet, the masses are meeting in secret. Struggle is all the education that they seem to need.

Lion is sitting at the table. He is a model family man, they tell me, and has fourteen children. He is a very great man. He has just said quietly that before the men of "Realengo 18" give up their land, they will die; and before they will be allowed to die, the workers on this island, yes, and in other countries too—looking sharply at me —may have something to say.

General Strike in Havana

HAVANA, MARCH 9.

SINCE I wrote the enclosed piece two days ago events have been moving rapidly. This morning no papers were allowed on the streets except Diario del Marino, the paper of the government. This newspaper, which catered to Spain during the Spanish-American War, now is the mouthpiece of the tottering Mendieta government. That government will not admit anywhere along the line that it is tottering. The United States embassy and Batista are agreed that a general strike cannot happen.

Last night, at half past eight, I went to Camp Columbia to see Batista. Soldiers at two gates barred the way, but inside the building itself a curious, homey atmosphere prevailed. A radio was playing, interestingly enough, a popular Cuban version of one of the revolutionary songs that Pancho Villa's men sang as they roared over the hills toward Mexico City. A colored painting of two hands clasped, and the name of Batista's birthplace, Baire, Oriente, 24 Feb. 1895, and of Camp Columbia, 4 Sept., Havana, 1933, celebrates the Colonel's promotion in 1933. One of the officers sits down beside me as I wait. He says he is pretty tired since this strike started. He was up about all night. I had heard earlier that Batista had only gone to bed at seven that morning.

"Expect a lot of trouble?" I ask. "Oh, we got it in hand. Got a good distribution around. And this will just show them. Half of them went back to work and there will be new people in the other jobs today. Let them cry, they won't get their jobs back." He is pretty sore at the situation. But Batista is not sore. He is a powerful, handsome man, and so quick, so sharp that he relishes danger. He begins to talk, speaking slowly and repeating that one thing I must get clear: that they will stop at nothing to prevent a general strike. *At nothing,* if necessary.

He even smiles as he says that it may be a good thing to clear the government of a lot of useless people who won't get their jobs back; in that way the government will be saved money. The Communists are back of the trouble, and they appear to have made an alliance with other radical groups, even A.B.C. and Autenticos; but underneath, Batista wants me to know, there is great disunity. They can't win, he declares, because the army is solidly behind him (Batista) to a man. He smiles proudly, leans forward tensely, goes on saying that there is no chance of anything. I ask what his position would be in case Mendieta resigned, but he waves his hand. Impossible. Besides he is one wing of a bird of which Mendieta is the other. That bird intends to fly and it needs two wings. Then I wanted to know if it were not possible that the A.B.C. and the Autenticos (Grau San Martin's group) might not make an alliance in order to gain control of the government; in which case what would he do, resign or try to go along? Again he smiles: impossible, the bird intends to fly.

We shall see. From labor sources there is every indication that by Monday the "impossible" general strike may begin. Mails have stopped today. Manuscript is smuggled out. Bus service across the island has stopped and new government departments have walked out today.

On Sunday, going to an artists' exhibition, I saw two of Batista's soldiers, very drunk, yelling, in spite of their new uniforms, "Down with Batista, down with Batista." Two passersby took off their hats and arms and got them on a street car before the boys got into trouble, but even as they went up the steps they were grumbling and spluttering, half crying, "Down with Batista."

Saboteurs of Education

FRANK HARRISON

WITH "Education and Social Change" the theme of the Convention of the Department of Superintendence (section of the National Education Association), 8,000 professional educators from all parts of the country convened —and accomplished nothing. This is proof of what happens to such a theme when in the hands of the bureaucracy of school administrators and college professors, an officialdom controlling with an iron grip a huge membership of nearly 200,000 educators, most of them classroom teachers.

The general sessions which presumably dealt with social change were addressed by such outside speakers as Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago, Charles A. Beard, Glenn Frank, Stuart Chase, and Henry A. Wallace. All of them agreed that social institutions had lagged behind technological developments, that the lag had produced serious maladjustments in society, and that something ought to be done. All were equally vague about concrete proposals for bringing about these social changes. That is, all except Henry Wallace who in Hitleresque tones declared, first, that capitalism is dead, and second that what we needed is a "unifying purpose."

The special sessions of the convention, devoted to problems of school financing, administration, curriculum, adult education, etc., had no time for such a sordid problem as how to provide jobs for 3,000,000 young people between the ages of 16 and 21 who are not in school and unemployed, but there were fortunately a few high points at the Convention which kept the left-wing group from throwing its hands in the air. During Sunday Vespers the Social Frontier group (professors from Columbia, New York University, Stanford, and other universities) held its own meeting. Louis Hacker, Heywood Broun and Charles Beard spoke. Hacker predicted the collapse of capitalism and the rise of socialism. Broun warned the educators of the man behind the shiny-topped desk who starts wars by pressing buttons. He pleaded brilliantly for academic freedom in the schools, suggesting that every college should have a course in Communism. And finally he pointed out that educators must organize as have the newspaper workers, and must form a closer link with the organized labor movement.

The climax of the meeting came in the final statement by Beard:

> There is not a cesspool of vice and crime which Hearst has not raked and exploited for money-making purposes. No person with intellectual honesty or moral integrity will touch him with a ten-foot pole for any purpose or to gain any end. Unless those who represent American scholarship, science and the right of a free people to

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discuss public questions freely stand together against his insidious influence he will assassinate them individually by every method known to yellow journalism—only cowards can be intimidated by Hearst.

The 600 educators present sprang to their feet and cheered wildly for five solid minutes. And later their enthusiasm found concrete expression in a resolution (introduced by the Social Frontiersmen) asking Senator Nye's committee to investigate "any relationship which may exist between the Hearst newspapers, industrial and financial interests and the spurious anti-Red campaign now current in the Hearst press, creating high emotional tensions and threatening to result in strained international relations and even war."

The discussion of the 1935 Yearbook of the Department on "Education and Social Change," became a high point of the convention. The "radical" speakers thought that teachers should lead their pupils toward a collective society. The liberals felt that teachers should present all points of view regarding controversial subjects. The conservatives that teachers should have nothing to do with social issues either in or outside their classrooms. Of all the speakers Prof. Jesse H. Newlon of Columbia took the most courageous stand.

The American people are making the most fundamental decisions since the American Revolution. In such a time education cannot be neutral. Profound changes must be made in our economic system if the natural and technological resources of the country are to be utilized by all. The historic capitalist system is not the answer. We are moving toward a collectivist system to assure freedom to all. America will choose between fascist control by a privileged group and control by the people, for the people. Powerful forces are seeking to destroy this freedom. These forces are the enemies of the school and of the people. If the issues are made clear, the people will demand a school that will make a fearless examination of the facts of the social situation. Every person who has a vested interest which he does not want disturbed is the enemy of criticism. He does not want social intelligence in the schools.

At once Prof. Frederick S. Diebler of Northwestern University countered with a stout defense of capitalism, thundering that it would be folly to prepare children to fly to "ills we know not of." He attributed our difficulties not to unprecedented economic conditions but to the World War. Whereupon the United States Commissioner of Eduation, Dr. John W. Studebaker, laid an official smoke-cloud on the discussion.

Academic freedom should be the freedom of the learners to learn and not the freedom of the professor to profess or to indoctrinate. We should seek deliberately to rid teaching of extreme forms of propaganda. The teacher cannot advocate views which are counter to the popular feeling of the community.

The majority of the school executives, scared yellow by the left-wing group, clung to the point of view advanced by Diebler and Studebaker. They know that the board of education back home is composed of the leading banker, manufacturer, merchant, and real estate dealer, who will not tolerate academic freedom of teaching particularly if it criticizes any of their sharp exploitive practices.

This alliance between the school administrators and the upper social stratum became plain when at the business meeting they passed the following feeble resolution: "We reaffirm our unqualified belief in the principle of academic freedom for all workers in education, and favor the active cooperation of the Department of Superintendence with the National Education Association in the study of problems of academic freedom." A proposed amendment pledging the association to come to the legal defence of teachers under attack was voted down. The superintendent from Dallas actually defended his local Hearst paper. It is not hard to understand why Heywood Broun tore up the speech that he had prepared for the final session, told the educators to go home, to read the Declaration of Independence and to write one thousand times, "All men are created free and equal."

The N.E.A. Officialdom's Do Nothing Policy

Despite this resolution the officialdom of the N.E.A. has done absolutely nothing to carry on its presumable fight for academic freedom. It has not lifted a finger to reinstate such courageous teachers as Begun, Blumberg and Burroughs who were expelled because of their militant fight for better educational opportunities for New York school children. It did nothing to reinstate Principal James Shields who was released from his position in North Carolina because he wrote a book describing the real facts about the schools in a southern community. It has done little or nothing to arouse mass support among teachers and parents against the attack on academic freedom by the Hearst press. Nor has it acted against the concerted drive of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Manufacturers Association to curtail educational expenditures and put through Congress alien and sedition laws certain to destroy the civil rights of all American citizens.

Sabotage by the N.E.A. officialdom and the Department of Superintendence extends to the field of retrenchment in education. At its February, 1935 meeting the Department passed resolutions asking in a general way for federal funds to support education, and for piddling sums for special purposes. At an earlier meeting George D. Strayer pointed out that "1,392,000 pupils are housed in buildings that have been pronounced unsafe or unsanitary. . . . A billion or more of the $4,800,000,000 proposed for public works could be spent to advantage on school buildings throughout the United States." But the Department did not pass a resolution asking for $1,000,000,000 for school buildings, and the officialdom has not attempted to introduce a bill in Congress providing for that amount.

Meanwhile the crisis in education deepens. In October, 1934 the N.E.A. reported that expenditures for public education dropped from $2,316,790,000 in 1930-30 to $1,799,306,000 in 1933-34 (a total of $517,484,000 or 30 percent) since 1930. Because of shortage of funds Mississippi and Arkansas each has denied any schooling whatever to 50,000 children.

The Delegate Assembly of classroom teachers last summer passed a resolution that "Since the annual income of the nation's schools has been reduced more than five hundred million dollars, the N.E.A. pledges itself to make every effort to have introduced in the next session of Congress and to secure passage of a bill providing a direct grant of not less than $500,000,000 to be distributed to all public school districts, according to average daily attendance and lack of adequate tax resources. It is understood that this grant shall not entail any federal control of schools."

The N.E.A. leadership, composed exclusively of big-shots in education, has not introduced a bill in Congress asking for a direct grant of $500,000,000 for education, nor is there any immediate prospect of its doing so. It has deliberately failed to carry out the mandate of nearly 200,000 teachers. In this connection it is worth mentioning that last year the Federal government appropriated $159,000,000 for the emergency in education of which amount $77,000,000 went to usual school services ($17,000,000 to needy rural schools and $60,000,000 as loans and grants for buildings). This year the government's emergency appropriation for education was cut to $130,000,000 while it increased grants for national defence at least $180,000,000 to an all-time high of $871,000,000. In other words the *federal government is spending more than six times as much for national defence as for schools.* But the N.E.A. officialdom does not raise a whisper in protest.

It is clear that the superintendents and the N.E.A. officialdom have done practically nothing to keep the nation's school doors open and will continue to do nothing. That is, unless classroom teachers and parents exert pressure upon the officialdom and governmental authorities.

The convention of the Delegate Assembly of the N.E.A. will be held in Denver this summer. This will be an opportunity for the 800,000 classroom teachers of America to mobilize their forces in the fight for schools and for academic freedom.

(*Next week Martha Andrews will discuss the effect of the present crisis in education on the economic security of the teachers.*—THE EDITORS.)

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Detroit's Labor Candidate

A. B. MAGIL

DETROIT.

THE shadows of war hung over the world of 1913-14. An economic crisis had caught the country in its grip and many were unemployed. The I. W. W., the Socialist Party and other Detroit labor groups organized a parade as a demonstration against unemployment. The police banned it. The organizations decided to put up a fight. Who could handle the legal end? They decided to let Maurice Sugar, just graduated from University of Michigan Law School take a crack at it. He was young and inexperienced, but he was a socialist; had been lecturing before various labor groups and seemed a fighter.

Sugar brought suit for an injunction to restrain the police from interfering with the parade. He made it hot for the cops who took the witness stand. In the end the fight was lost. The judge ruled that since the organization involved didn't believe in the Constitution, they had no constitutional rights. From that moment Maurice Sugar's life was bound up with the labor movement. He is today among the foremost labor attorneys in the country, and he has been drafted by the entire Detroit labor movement, from extreme right to extreme left, as labor's candidate for judge of Recorder's Court in the elections to be held on April 1.

In 1914, the Detroit Typographical Union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, was conducting a strike against the open-shop Mack Printing Co., at that time one of the largest in its field. The company had obtained an injunction prohibiting picketing, and striker after striker had been arrested for violating the injunction. The union tried three different attorneys. All of them knew their jobs as far as the legal end of it was concerned, but the strikers and union officials were dissatisfied. "We want someone who can fight," they said. They got Sugar. He has remained the attorney for the Typographical Union to this day.

In the summer of 1918, the old Moose Temple in Detroit was crowded with workers who had come to hear Gene Debs at a meeting protesting against the war. The chairman of that meeting was Maurice Sugar. Less than a year before he had been sentenced to jail for his courageous opposition to the war. As the sentence had been appealed, he was still free. Like Debs, he went to prison for his loyalty to socialism. Only a few months later, on November 25, 1918—two weeks after the armistice which ended the war that he had opposed—he was sentenced to the Detroit House of Correction.

He had been a delegate to the famous St. Louis convention of the Socialist Party in April, 1917, where he voted for the anti-war resolution. But Hillquit and Berger, who also voted for this resolution, then proceeded to sabotage it. The Socialist Party was a muddling party, with a vacillating leadership of middle-class radicals who wanted to be respectable. Some of the leading figures, such as Upton Sinclair, William English Walling and Charles Edward Russell went over openly to the jingoists. Others gave lip-service to the anti-war resolution, which was by no means a revolutionary document, but predominantly pacifist in tone. In this atmosphere it took courage to fight against the war. The young attorney, Maurice Sugar, had everything to lose in a material sense, and nothing to gain from such a fight. He chose to fight.

In the fall of 1917, Sugar was arrested and indicted on two charges: failure to register and conspiracy to obstruct the draft. The latter charge arose from the fact that he was one of five members on the board of directors of *The Michigan Socialist*, weekly organ of the Socialist Party, which had urged workers not to register. The teachings of Lenin and the Bolsheviks were at that time unknown in this country; but instinctively the true internationalists in America, like their comrades in Germany, Liebknecht and Luxembourg, groped their way toward the revolutionary path.

> There are some crimes of which one may well be ashamed to be innocent, Maurice Sugar told the court before sentence was passed on him; there are some crimes of which one may well be proud to be guilty.
>
> My conduct [he wrote], has been based upon the belief that the war in which this country is now engaged is a war springing from the economic antagonism of the ruling classes in the countries involved; and this clash of economic interests is made possible through the exploitation of the workers of all countries by these ruling classes. . . .
>
> To me this is not a war for democracy. . . . the czar of Russia, the Mikado of Japan, and the king of Italy are no more friends of democracy than the rulers of the central powers. This is not a fight against kings; it is not a fight for kings; and it is assuredly not a fight by kings. It is a fight against capital; it is a fight for capital; and it is a fight by the slaves of capitalism.
>
> The only fight for democracy in the world today is the fight by the workers of all countries for the ownership of industry. . . . I have chosen to cast my lot with these fighters for democracy —with the democrats of the world. In their victory lies the end of the misery and poverty of the people—for they are the people.

Sugar was sentenced to a year in the House of Correction and $500 fine. With leading Detroit attorneys offering their services, he appealed the sentence and carried the fight to the United States Supreme Court, where it was finally upheld. Disbarment proceedings were started against him. The esteem in which he was held by members of his own profession is indicated by the fact that 110 Detroit lawyers, some of whom strongly disapproved of Sugar's political views, signed a petition appealing to the court not to disbar him. He was disbarred, nevertheless, and not till six years later, in 1924, was he reinstated. In September, 1919, Sugar was released after 10 months in prison. Shortly after that came the House of the Masses trial, a chapter in American labor history that deserves to be better known. The national leadership of the Socialist Party, after expelling the entire Michigan organization of 5,000 members, sought to get control of the Detroit headquarters of the party, the House of the Masses, a valuable piece of real estate. They could think of no better way than to bring suit in the courts. The officials' brief filed for the Hillquit machine by the prominent socialist lawyer, Seymour Stedman, declared:

> The Communists, who are now in possession and control of the House of the Masses, the property of the socialists, were expelled from the Socialist Party of the United States because, among other things, they advocated the use of direct or mass action, as the primary and principal means of securing a change or destroying the capitalist system and the present form of government of the United States.

It went on to say that "the use of the House of the Masses for advocating direct or mass action for overthrowing the present form of government constitutes a continuing nuisance." This was in 1920, at the height of the Red raids, when every militant worker was being hunted down and thrown into jail.

The boom days. Prosperity illusions. Fog of the high-wage-car-in-every-garage myth blanketing the country. Slow corrosion of the labor movement. Many a good man—even some who had gone to jail during the war—became enamored of the New Capitalism and deserted the labor movement, never to return. In Detroit the once influential independent union, the United Automobile, Vehicle and Aircraft Workers of America (later the Auto Workers' Union) had dwindled. The A. F. of L. unions were dominated by class-collaboration policies. The Communist Party was a small, isolated, sectarian group. Here as in perhaps no other American city the workers had become infected with the prosperity virus.

Maurice Sugar knew too intimately the real conditions in the Ford paradise and the quicksands on which it was built. He remained loyal to the cause of labor. After

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the founding of the International Labor Defense he was for years the only Detroit attorney who would handle its cases.

The crash came, with renewed attacks on the living standards of the workers and new struggles. On May 18, 1931, the Michigan Legislature, working under the *sub rosa* direction of Jacob Spolansky, America's stool-pigeon No. 1 and agent of the National Metal Trades Association, rushed through a bill requiring the registering, photographing and finger-printing of all foreign-born. At once a great mass protest movement was launched such as Michigan had never seen. Maurice Sugar played a leading role in that fight, which ended when the U.S. District Court declared the law unconstitutional.

The record of the past twenty years shows that Sugar has represented practically all the unions in the city of Detroit, including the Detroit Federation and various international unions whose headquarters are in other cities. And there have been not only A. F. of L. unions, but also those affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League and independent unions like the Mechanics Educational Society of America.

A list of the labor cases Sugar has handled in the past two or three years reads like a history of the Michigan labor movement during that period. In all these cases, as in dozens of others that he has defended for the American Civil Liberties Union and other organizations, Sugar served without fee. During the great tool and diemakers' strike in the automobile industry in the fall of 1933, he represented the strikers in court, handling over two hundred cases. Not a striker was convicted.

There is a side of Maurice Sugar's activity that for lack of space I can only touch upon: his work in the cultural field. Sugar was one of the founders of the John Reed Club of Detroit and has actively participated in all of its work. He was selected by the John Reed Clubs of the United States as their delegate to the first World Congress Against War, held in Amsterdam in August, 1932. Subsequently, he visited the Soviet Union, and on his return went on an eight-weeks' lecture tour from coast to coast under the auspices of the Friends of the Soviet Union, of whose National Committee he is a member. The following year he again went on a six-weeks' tour for the F. S. U.

Sugar is the author of a number of workers' songs that have been sung by workers' groups throughout the country. (He generally writes both the words and music of his songs, though he has no musical training.)

Sugar undoubtedly reached the height of his career as a defender of the oppressed in the James Victory trial. In his final address to the jury he again and again warned against race prejudice, against being influenced "by stories that come from the poisoned press." (The Hearst newspaper, The Detroit Times, had played a particularly vicious role). In concluding, he said:

> It is true that colored men and colored women are different in color from white men and white women. But that is the only real difference. They have the same hearts, they have the same pleasures, they have the same joys, they have the same pains, they have the same agonies as other people. No, their pains and agonies are not the same. They are greater, because a poor colored worker suffers not only as does a poor white worker, he suffers in addition from prejudice against him by reason of the fact that he is a colored worker. The Negro is doubly exploited. . . . He is denied his rights as a worker and then is further oppressed because he is a colored worker.

"All Labor Unites to Elect a Fighter." Under this slogan the candidacy of Maurice Sugar is being supported by such organizations as the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor, the Mechanics Educational Society of America, the Society of Designing Engineers, the United Automobile Workers (A. F. of L.), the Detroit Federation of Teachers, the Detroit Federation of Musicians, the Trade Union Unity League, the Communist Party, the International Labor Defense, the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, and many others. It is the nearest thing to a united front of all labor that any large American city has seen.

Those who want to make contributions in order to help elect the first militant labor judge in the country can address Maurice Sugar Campaign Committee, 1010 Barlum Tower, Detroit, Michigan.—THE EDITORS.

For An Unborn Child

WILLARD MAAS

There shall be the star-drift through
the cloud-green sky of autumn,
pale cold stone of the night, the floating moon,
tongue of warmth, red hound,
the sun,
the fragrant earth swathed in morning dew,
swift with birds, bright with shells,
and the spring blossoming ground
to greet your birth.
There shall be
the iron hot in the mills, men deep
in the red dust, bodies stooped, weary
beyond the sweet power of sleep.
And there shall be
machines and factories
of steel, sweat of men, of women, of those who toil
up the long slope
of time, grow old
and die without beauty, without hope,
with only hunger and the sharp knife of cold.
But there shall be men who will call you brother,
who will give fire to the failing dark
of the heart with clear
eyes of light,
without fear.
They shall say: "Comrade,
take hope. The day is near."
By their side, o child I have given life, fight
with all the strength that shall be yours, with all
the power in your tall
young body, daughter, son—
hate the enemy, have no pity for those
whose hearts are black with the lives of men,
hate with all the hate that comes from my bone.
Let your voice be iron. Let your voice be stone.
There shall be the one final battle
for you to live or die,
that this world of yours,
the moon, the sun, the season-colored sky
may be yours, your brothers' world be yours,
the wide swift earth of flowers and trees
be your own and your brothers' own,
and you, o child, go singing
to build new cities, new love out of strife.
This is the world to which I give you life.

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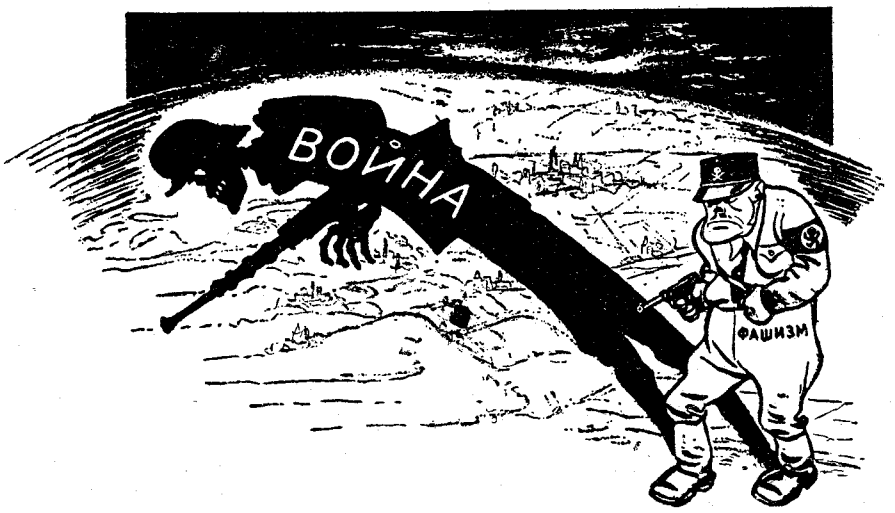
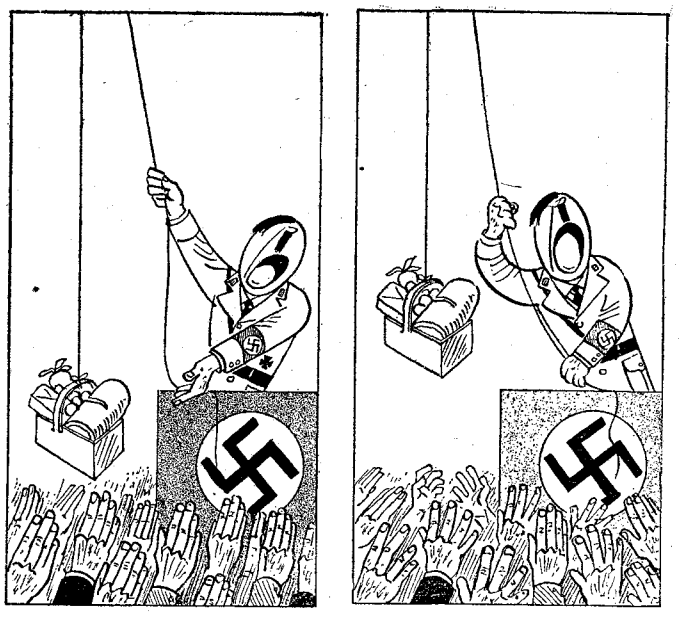


THE FASCIST SHADOW— *Izvestia*



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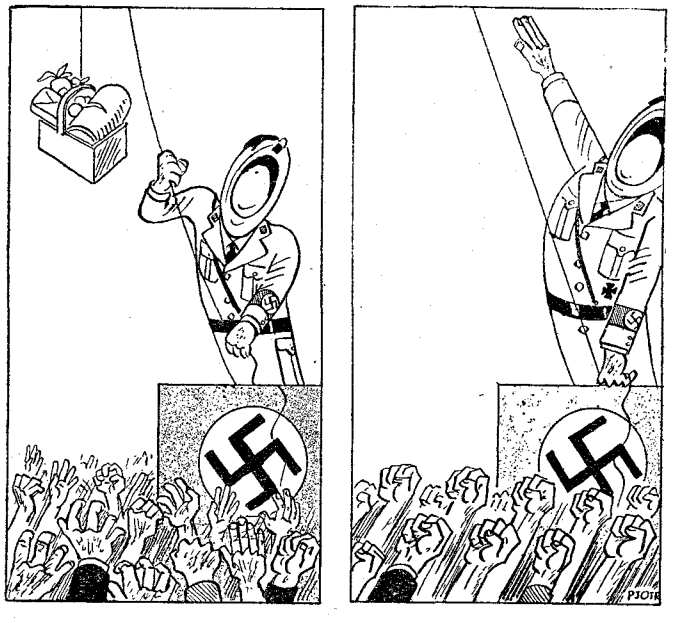

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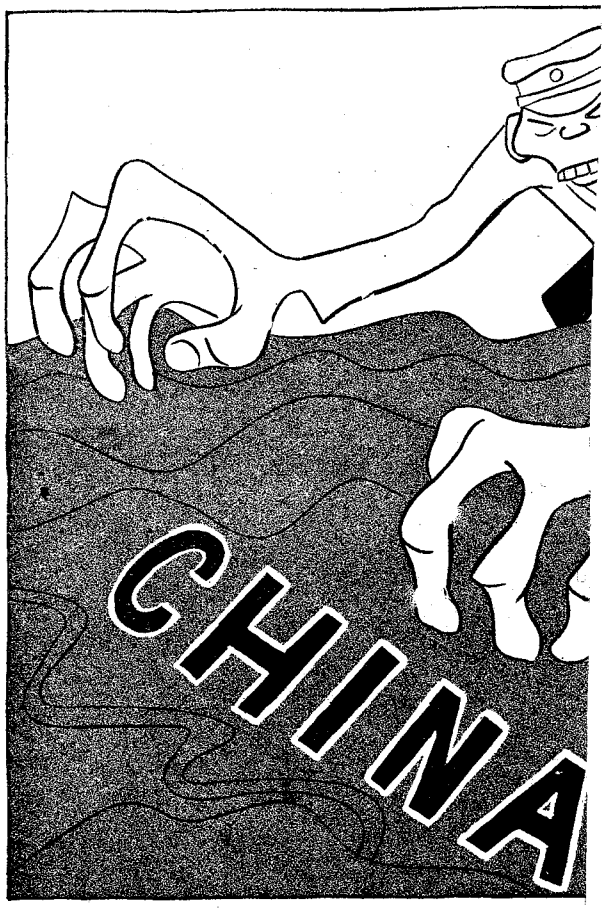
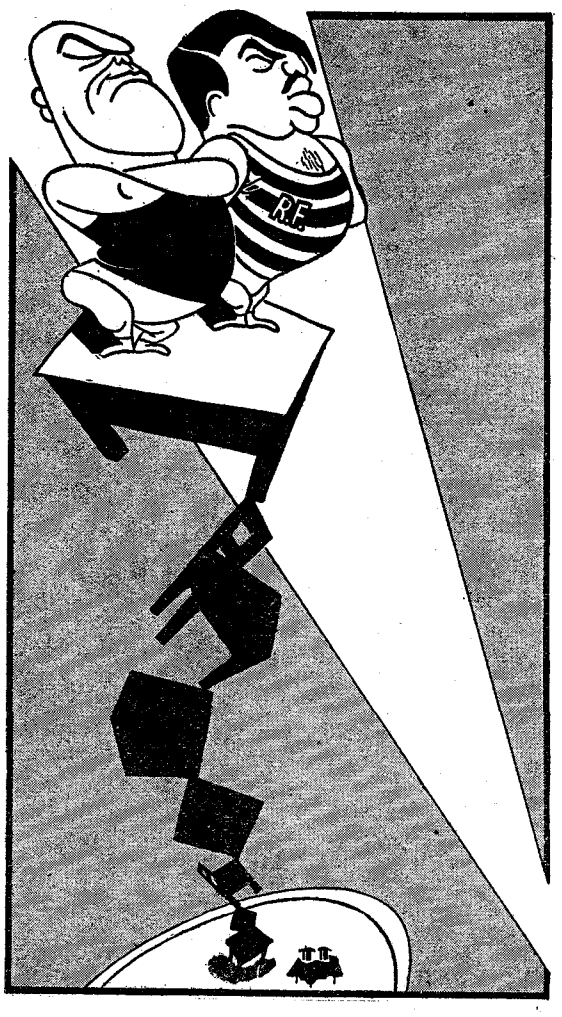
GOING UP! *Simplicus*



"WHY DO I NEED PACTS? I DO ALL TH



PERFECT BALANCE *Simpl*

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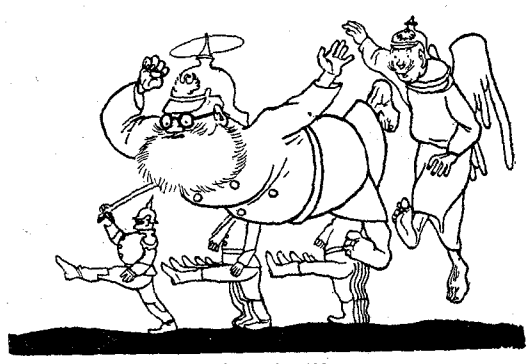
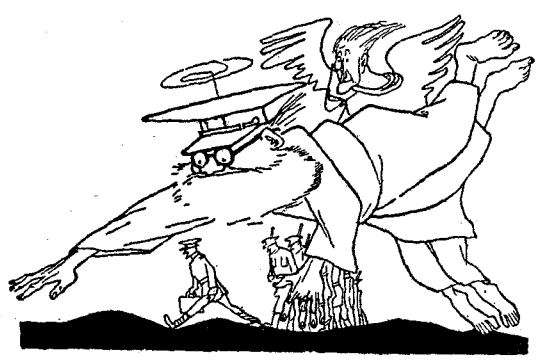
Simpl
E PACKING MYSELF."

С НАМИ БОГ!

QUE DIEU SOIT AVEC NOUS!

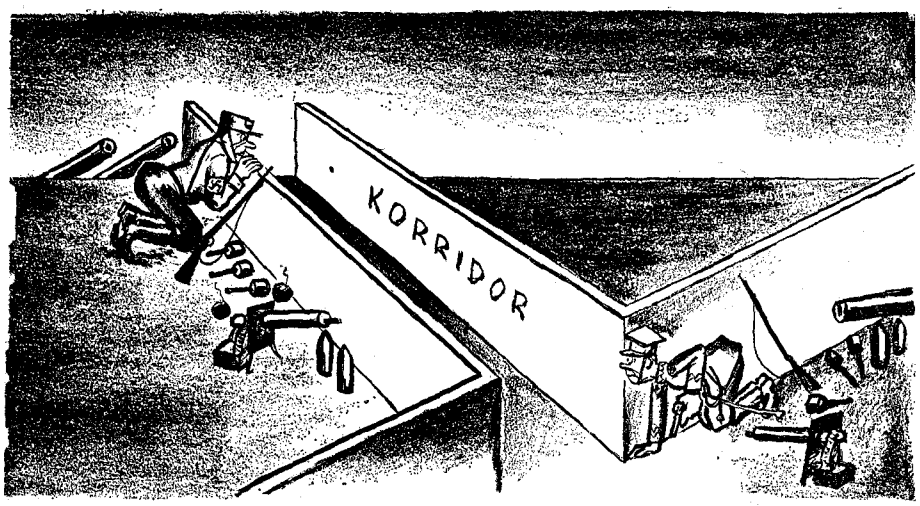


GOT MIT UNS!

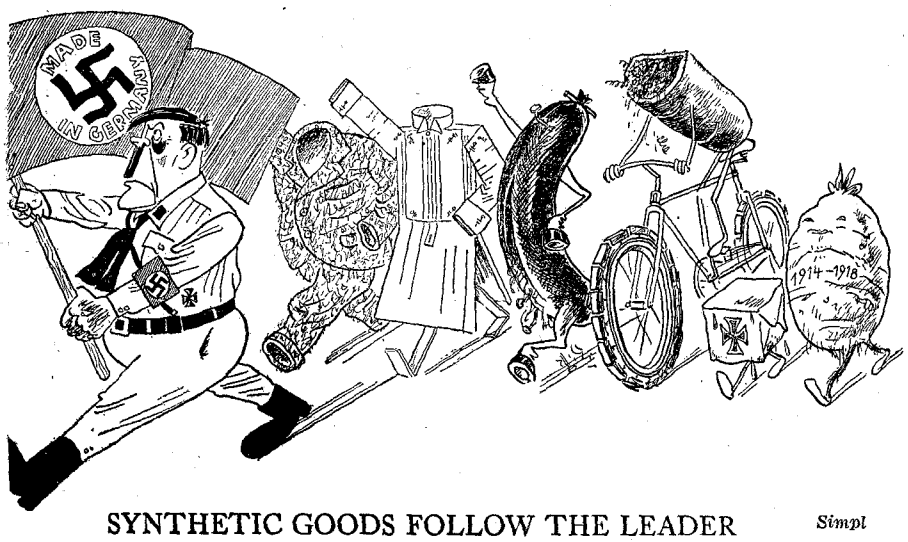


GOD BE WITH US!

GOD WORKS ON ALL FRONTS *Crokodile*



The German and the Pole:
"HE MUST COME THROUGH THIS STREET!" *Simplicus*



SYNTHETIC GOODS FOLLOW THE LEADER *Simpl*

"YEARNING JUST FOR YOU!" *Simplicus*

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Let 'Em Eat Horsepower!

HAROLD WARD

"WHAT! no work? no bread? Let 'em eat horsepower!" That, according to Robert Dunn, who ought to know, is what we are beginning to hear from the general direction of the rotting capitalist Versailles. Naturally, since under capitalism—whose inflexible rule is, "Millions for markets but not one cent for security!"—the machine has become the most vicious and cynical enemy man has ever known. *Under capitalism,* I repeat: for, given the freedom to operate according to its own logic of abundance, the machine is man's greatest ally in his struggle against all natural limitations and social injustice. For that reason it is essential that everyone—and particularly all workers—understand the machine, grasp the full meaning of *technical power,* of equipment, apparatus and engines, in order *with their aid* the better and more utterly to destroy capitalism. It is quite possible that neglect of these basic strategic facts on the part of radicals and revolutionaries goes far to explain the *objective* advance of fascism.

What has horsepower done for—or rather to—the workers of this country in the past few years? Take first the question of labor productivity. According to Frederick C. Mills, whose estimates are based on official figures, the increase in output per wage earner in all manufacturing industries during the decade 1919-1929 is conservatively placed at 43 percent (William Green gives it as 48 percent). For specific industries the rise in man-hour productivity is thus rated: Steam railways, 28 percent; bituminous coal mining, 20 percent; copper mining, 74 percent; iron ore mining, 82 percent. If we take the factor of horsepower per worker, we have the following percentage increases over the same period (according to Dr. Harry Jerome, in his recent *Mechanization in Industry*): Manufactures, 49.5 percent; agriculture, 62.2 percent; mines and quarries, 60.3 percent; steam railroads, 74.2 percent.

From still another angle—that of the consumption of power and fuel—Walter Polakov gives the following increases for the same base period: Rubber, 32.9 percent; automobiles, 69.9 percent; cement, 69.5 percent; steel rolling mills, 32.7 percent; pulp and paper mills, 36.8 percent.

Against these colossal gains in America's physical wealth and labor productivity—and despite the fact that during the period under review the United States was responsible for a good half of the world's total output of work—we can record that: During the same ten years, *unemployment increased by an average of* 100,000 *per year;* in agriculture alone 800,000 workers had been displaced by technical improvements up to 1927. Those who were fortunate enough to keep their jobs through this so-called "prosperity" enjoyed a rise in wages amounting to about 1.4 percent a year, while the increase in incomes to owners was at the meteoric rate of 16 percent a year.

Even William Green is unable to blink the significance of this trend: in a Sunday newspaper feature article about a year ago he wrote, "Between 1899 and 1919 wage earners contributed a 26 percent advance in productivity *but received only a 4.2 percent increase in their real wages"* (emphasis mine); one very good reason why, in the "peak year" of 1929, 20,000,000 Americans were living below the level of decent health, and another 15,000,00 were receiving annual incomes of less than $1,000. That a scant 16,000 parasites were fattening on yearly incomes of $100,000 a year, merely shows what horsepower was—and is still—capable of doing for the wrong people.

But the real toboggan slide began with 1929. In that year, despite an "unused productive capacity" most inadequately estimated by the Brookings Institution studies at about 20 percent (resulting in a loss of 15 billions of dollars to the national income) world markets started to shrink, huge stocks to pile up; capital went begging, and the one sure way to guarantee the threatened flow of "surplus value" was to force onto the streets huge numbers of what the millionaire's magazine, Fortune, cynically called "obsolete men"; and to extract from those who remained, by way of speed-up, stretch-out and reduced wages, sufficient to maintain "the American standard of living" for those who controlled the means of production, and the horsepower which was suddenly found to be getting out of hand.

For example, as a reward for their loyal, if increasingly resentful service to the machine, American workers were presented with the following *reductions* in total employment, pay rolls and average yearly earnings in the first Five Year (depression) Plan of American industry, 1929-1933. The figures are those of the Labor Research Association:

Percent decline, 1929-1933

Industry	Employment	Pay Rolls	Annual Earnings
All manufacturing industries	31.4	54.7	34.0
All food industries	11.5	31.2	22.3
Boots & shoes (exc. rubber)	7.2	36.1	31.2
Elec. machinery & supplies	60.2	74.6	36.2
Furniture, home and office	45.5	68.6	42.4
Motor vehicles	56.7	71.7	34.6
Steel works & rolling mills	29.8	62.4	46.4
Textiles and products	13.7	41.3	32.0

Many other industries are listed, but the trend is the same—down, down, down. Some idea of what the "employment" column really means in human terms may be obtained from the recent statement by Governor Curley of Massachusetts. Speaking of the textile industry he said that in his own state alone, textile workers declined from 113,000 in 1923 to less than 40,000 today; wages declined in the same period from $115,000,000 to $25,000,000, and the number of spindles operated fell from 37,000,000 in 1920 to 4,000,000 (about half the total in Japan). Nevertheless, in the 20 months ending in August, 1934, 765 textile companies aggregated profits totalling $95,272,412; $12, and less, per week to workers; 12 percent, and more, to stockholders. So, says Thomas F. McMahon, President of the U. T. W., "Textile workers must have hope. God knows you have been patient."

Hope, patience, and horsepower—that will carry the workers through. 18,000,000, more or less, unemployed or on forced labor; 20,000,000 on relief; cost of living 14 percent higher than when Roosevelt inaugurated his Utopia of the destitute, and retail food prices 35 percent higher. A doubling of million-dollar incomes in the single year of 1933 and a reduction to $19.05 of the average weekly wages of workers in 104 industries. Nor must one forget that as a part of the New Deal program to make everything right with the wrong people, the Roosevelt administration, through the A.A.A. in one year ordered the destruction of 9.9 million acres of corn, 2.8 million acres of wheat, 400,000 acres of tobacco, and 6 million pigs. Other output restriction schemes are embodied in 108 N.R.A. codes: while the Machinery and Allied Products Institute, in its recent meetings in New York, estimated an unfilled need of *new* equipment aggregating $18,500,000,000 in value and over 20 billion man-hours of labor. "From one-half to one-fourth of the machinery now installed in American plants"—quoting from the Institute's report,—"is outdated, greatly depreciated or obsolete, and ready for the junk pile"—whence, no doubt, it could be rapidly shipped to Japan in the form of scrap metal for her booming munitions industries.

From facts like these, which would require volumes adequately to present and discuss, certain conclusions issue with a merciless logic: First, production is permitted under capitalism up to, and no further than, the limits of the market; which means maximum profits to the owners. Second, whenever productive capacity is in excess of these requirements, it is withdrawn, discarded and finally destroyed outright, and usually in the order of workers first, machines next. Third, the only machinery with which a doomed capitalism finally operates is *that which enables it to maintain its political power*—transport and communications; press and propaganda; basic industrial operations; the apparatus of war. Fourth, and decisive, only in a collective society can horsepower yield its full benefits.

But—the worker must be at *all* the controls. . . .

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Can You Tell Us Apart in a Crowd

SAUL LEAVITT

YESTERDAY, downtown, I thought I saw some of the men whom I once worked with at the Board. . . .It was a mean kind of a day and you couldn't really tell, but anyway, I *thought* I saw them and I called after them; no one heard me. It was a cold rain and we were all running for shelter, I and all the men on the street on a bitter day in late November. . . .

A very bitter day, the coldest day of the year. It wasn't like the last time I'd seen these men. Yesterday you saw people huddling in building entrances, or running like rabbits in the rain, but that last day at the Board was a day in the Spring. It was one of those first, clear, fine days that you get in New York toward May, after the snow, the slush, the rains and the chilling, windy days. The big buildings sparkle and make running, racing skylines in all directions. The factory smoke runs into a blue sky and on all the streets the crowds surge: streets, houses, people, swell and surge.

From where we worked in a big building one block off the Hudson, we could see the gulls flying near the piers and the ships coming in from Europe. High up on our stools we sat, all of us engineers with our degrees from Columbia, Harvard, Brooklyn Poly, Massachusetts Tech, different technical schools all over the country. We were all good men, some of us young, but there were some veterans. We had come in here to work for the City of New York and we had had to work hard to get in. We represented something: training, knowledge, discipline; and all this training, knowledge, discipline had been paid for.

We were proud of our jobs, we were ambitious; you never saw fellows as ambitious as we were, and we were cocky, too. Through the winter it had been drive, drive, drive, and we had done it and liked it. There had been no kicking. You have no idea how proud we were, how sure of ourselves, we young engineers.

Here we were in this big room, with our drawings, log books, our standard books on concrete and steel in front of us. . . . I remember every detail of this big room. Kennedy and a Greek-American chap by the name of Vlachos, the best mathematician in the place, were arguing the respective merits of various bridges, comparing the design of the George Washington to that of a bridge just completed over the Mersey River in England. Lightner, the mulatto draftsman, was saying he was going to Columbia next year for a special course in structural steel, and Chandler, the fellow from Iowa, was busy at his board, never lifting his head.

Outside, to our left, was the Hudson, and you could see the boats, beetle ferries, tugs, an occasional liner. The Jersey shore was green in spots, and gray where the factory stacks were sending up smoke. To the north you could see the cable-work of the George Washington Bridge, and gulls, dipping and soaring. . . . Chandler liked to talk about those gulls—*a pack of hard-working birds trying to make a living out of the garbage around the docks. . . .*

I couldn't help, for a moment, thinking of this. A strange thought on a peaceful day in the Spring: about those gulls working tirelessly, grimly, all day long in the sun, in order to live. All over that big room, men were working. You were reassured to see them laughing, and you forgot about Chandler's gulls. The office boy came out and stood on the floor for a little while, and he wore a most sardonic grin. He was lanky, with a cigarette hanging out of a yellow face. He said something to one of the men and his grin widened as he strolled back to the office. The Designing Engineer was sitting in the office, cool and calm, a pipe in his mouth, going over the designs with a red pencil.

I worked on for a while, and then felt a strange quiet over the whole floor. I looked up. Not a man was at work. I got off my stool and walked over to Sherman and asked him about it, and he grinned at me, the craziest and most complacent grin I had ever seen. It was just a rumor, he was saying, and he had a Phi Beta Kappa pin on a chain attached to his vest, which he was whirling around. He reeled off figures, so many hundreds of men in the drafting rooms, so many hundreds of men in the field, so many millions of dollars spent. He repeated, it was just a rumor, and that Phi Beta Kappa pin kept whirling on his forefinger.

I asked other men about it, and they smiled and nodded, saying it was just a rumor, and there was something invincible in the way they said it. "Just a rumor," they said, and the word, *rumor* hovered over that room on a sun-lit day, whispered and repeated, with that invincible grin on all faces. In the office sat the Designing Engineer, cool and calm, his pipe between his teeth, calmly puffing blue clouds of smoke.

We waved our arms in the air as we talked in our invincible way, our faces grinning. We were designing the finest subway system in the world, we were proud of ourselves and of all the knowledge stored up inside our skulls. Wherever you walked you saw our handiwork, the handiwork of men like us, the streets, the houses, the motors, the machines, the electricity. . . . And all this showed in our faces as we dismissed a wild rumor. We waved our arms, banging the tables to emphasize our confidence in ourselves and the world's need for us.

We told each other how clever we were, in admiring voices. We remembered what the deans had told us, that this was the Power Age, the Twentieth Century, that we were the makers of the Twentieth Century. We had been told these things after the hardest kind of training, in big, solemn-looking halls by solemn men and we had gone out solemnly into the Twentieth Century, into the Power Age. We remembered the average salaries we had predicted for ourslves.

Some of the men said it had been five thousand dollars a year for the graduating class of '22, someone else said six thousand. And Sherman, waving his Phi Beta Kappa pin around so confidently, was saying that his class at Yale had predicted for itself $10,000 a year, six years after graduation.

He said it with a beaming face. . . . He had graduated after the War, he said, and his first job had been with a British firm in Tanganyika, British East Africa. Five thousand dollars a year they'd paid him, no questions asked, none answered. Just five thousand dollars a year to stand out in the fields of the sisal plantations and watch the black men work, with orders to swing a whip on them. *Swing a whip on them, otherwise there would be no work and they wouldn't call you Bwana. . . . Do you know what Bwana means? It means Master and the niggers have to learn that word. . . . Yessir. . . . In Tanganyika proper,* he said, *were the Germans and the Austrians with gloomy faces—ha-ha-ha-ha-haw—sore as hell about losing the sisal plantations of what had once been German East Africa, said Sherman,* swinging his Phi Beta Kappa pin around.

The mulatto draftsman, Lightner, was waching Sherman, I remember. He was looking at him, his brown face twitching, and he repeated the word, *Bwana,* after Sherman was through. He took a big sheaf of clippings from his desk and he started to talk about lynchings in various parts of the United States. He talked about Missouri, California, Georgia, Alabama, about the case in Princess Anne, Maryland, the case in Scottsboro, many, many cases. Sherman's pin stopped swinging. He got up, and Lightner was just getting through his roll-call of lynchings and the mulatto said in a very loud voice so that

SCOTT NEARING

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all of us could hear him—*Bwana! Bwana,* he said again, and he laughed right at Sherman, but Sherman was walking off.

We could see that Lightner was trembling and we felt that underneath the quietness of this slim young Negro there was a big, terrible rage. We stared at him as he stood there, with that big sheaf of clippings on lynchings clutched in his hand—which he kept, there in his desk under a book of log tables. . . . And we said to ourselves uneasily, why was all this going on, talk about lynchings and things like that, on a fine, pleasant day in the Spring?

Really, it was a beautiful day, altogether different from yesterday downtown when you saw men huddling in building entrances and running like rabbits in the rain! It was one of those days when, if you have some money in your pocket and a good job, I mean the kind of a job that you think gets the best out of you and in turn gives something back to you, you say to yourself that this is the way the world ought to be. . . . And all of us engineers, particularly the younger men, felt that way. We went out to lunch, smiling, smoking, talking, into the crowds surging through the downtown streets. We laughed about that vicious, stupid rumor of layoff. It was impossible to believe. We spoke in loud voices and people in the crowd turned around to look at us. We ate quickly and talked a lot and we must have been talking in extremely high-pitched voices, we must have looked like madmen, pounding the tables, telling each other how good and clever we were. We must have said that over and over again and that other line about impossible to believe. Impossible to believe—*why, there's the Sixth Avenue job and the 38th Street Tunnel and how in hell can they get along without the engineers?* And we shook our heads up and down and up and down, saying: *impossible to believe,* and we marched out into the streets again in the warm surge of early Spring.

We called up our wives and told them there was nothing to be afraid of, there was just a rumor, and my wife said to me, *I don't understand you, I don't know what you're talking about. Why, there's nothing to it, I said, it's impossible to believe, and you know it's such a swell day, it's going to be swell tomorrow, maybe we'll go up to Westchester in the car. . . .*

In the afternoon we did not work; we sat around and talked about this thing and that, everything under the sun. Everybody, I remember, kept prowling about from desk to desk. We must have looked strange, as I think of it now, we must have looked like a buffalo herd, shifting and turning. Only Lightner was quiet, but he came over to me once to tell me that he had been an elevator operator and had gone to night college. He had been a star math student, winning prizes. He loved engineering, and the race theories were all cockeyed about a Negro being a singer of spirituals and nothing more. *Do you think it's true,* he said, *about there being a layoff?* And I looked at him and laughed. *Of course not,* I said, laughing. *Of course not.* He looked at me, and he said very quietly, *I don't think you were ever out of a job. . . .*

I sat at my table, laughing; I heard Chandler, the fellow from Iowa, talking in his booming voice. All day he had been very quiet. I will never forget Chandler's big, booming voice, his red, freckled neck and big hands. This big fellow, an Iowa farmer's son, was talking about professional men and working men. He was talking about a union for professional men. He was arguing with Sherman, and Sherman was saying, *why, goddamit we're professional men, we're not workingmen.*

We stood around the two of them. Chandler talked about his father, a farmer who got behind the plow and plowed the land and planted the corn and the wheat. He said, *well, there are the fellows who work the steel in mills in Pittsburgh and Gary, and that's the steel in these prints here. . . .* And he held up one of the East River Tunnel prints. . . . *And we make these plans for the tunnels, and the engineer, the steel men eat the bread out of the farmer's wheat. . . . All of us producers,* he said and he said it almost pleadingly and we roared out loud, roaring in our invincible way.

Why, that's very nice, said Sherman, grinning, *ha-ha-ha-haw,* and we all grinned with him and we looked at Chandler. He just sat there, playing with a drawing, tapping his fingers on his desk. *Oh, it's very simple,* he said, *but it doesn't matter how simple an idea is, you have to want to believe it. You fellows know all your physics and math and concrete and steel, all of it very complicated, more complicated than the simple idea of a union, but you don't have to believe in a union; it isn't brains at all, it's just courage. . . .*

We nodded our heads up and down, as if what he was saying was so, but we really couldn't believe him and down in our hearts we felt our professional standing, our dignity, our disciplined, trained minds. . . . And besides, the Designing Engineer was sitting in his office, looking calm, and outside the day was so damned bright and clean, so that, after all . . . *After all,* we said, and we laughed and we said, *after all,* laughing and filled with assurance, *after all . . .*

You really have no idea how proud we were, that is, unless you're a technical man yourself, an architect or an engineer; only a technical man could have felt our pride, our self-assurance . . . Why, I remember the Designing Engineer coming out at the end of the day to tell us himself what he thought of us and of engineering, and that means something, doesn't it, the big boy himself coming out to tell you what he thought of you and of engineering—a *profession,* demanding intelligence and discipline . . . *He was proud of us,* he said, while he puffed at his pipe . . . *Why, men,* he said, smiling as a father smiles, *why, men* . . . and he told us about some great engineering exploits, Goethals and the building of the Canal. . . . *He was proud of us,* he repeated, and he had a lot of slips in his hand and he started to call off the names of the proud engineers, one name after another. And we marched up, one after another, for our slips, our blue slips, blue as the blue Spring sky.

The blue Spring sky! Can you see us standing there, all of us with our wisdom and training, standing there, a crowd of dumb men, unable to say a word, staring out on a beautiful day in the Spring? The cleaners came up and still we lingered there, in this big room where we had worked, looking out, looking at those precious prints and designs as the cleaners swept them into big gunny sacks. . . .

Yes, that is how I remember that last day at the Board, and I will never forget it, how beautiful it was. We went down, we mingled, we merged with the crowds on that fine day in the Spring, our blue layoff slips in our pockets, blue as the blue Spring sky. We mingled with the crowds and I wonder if anybody gave us a special glance; I wonder if you were able to tell us apart in the crowds. I mean that, after all, maybe we looked different or walked differently, being professional men, with discipline and training and the stuff of hundreds of years in our heads. Maybe you were able to tell us apart in the crowds.

Look at the vertical shooting lines of the New York horizon! Look at the Power Age! We built the Power Age, and *can you tell us apart in a crowd?* Really and truly now, can you? We're professional men—ha-ha-ha-haw—and that's supposed to mean something, isn't it? Isn't there something *different* about us? We have the upper hand of Nature; we're the brains behind the Twentieth Century, but the thing is—*can you tell us apart in a crowd?*

I know I can't; because yesterday, a cold, biting day in November, I thought I saw some of the men I had worked with. There were crowds of bitter, sullen-looking men on the streets, huddling near buildings, running for shelter, and in all the faces there was the one look of *give me a job,* and I couldn't recognize the men I'd worked with at the Board.

I couldn't tell them apart in the crowd.

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Reverberate through Leningrad.

RICHARD GILES.

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Correspondence

Workers On The Stage

To The New Masses:

The League of Workers Theatres, West. Div., has fostered the inception of a laboratory school for workers in Los Angeles. We are able to announce a capable faculty and an organization set-up which should go a long way toward advancing the left movement in the West Coast theatre. The chief departure from orthodox methods of instruction will be the curricular inclusion of a course on The Social Basis of the Theatre. Four general courses are offered: 1. The Drama, 2. The Dance, 3. Puppets and Marionettes, 4. The Cinema.

Of further interest is our plan to have special lecturers on playwriting, directing and other selected subjects. The time schedules will include periodic lectures of this type in addition to regular laboratory work. The school will be known as the Theatre Workers School.

The tuition fee is five dollars per four months' semester for any one course. For any choice of classes taken for one month only one dollar and fifty cents will be charged. Scholarships will be offered to deserving students and in all special cases adjustments of laboratory responsibilities will be made to fit individual and group needs.

Lloyd Laner,
New Theatre League, West. Div.,
212 Stimson Bldg.
129 West Third St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Announcing "Struggle"

To The New Masses:

With the growing repression of the American Negro, the Negro intellectual and professional worker occupies an increasingly important position. It is from his ranks that the Negro people receive cultural leadership. That his leadership is sometimes debased and treacherous is known to readers of The New Masses. That it is more often merely blinded by the "American ideals" of the white bourgeoisie which he emulates, and that his true interests lie with the united Negro and white working class, has yet to be brought home to him.

It is for this purpose that The Vanguard, organization of Negro and white intellectuals, will shortly publish Struggle, a monthly magazine. The magazine was conceived last year as The Spark, but met unavoidable delays that led to a change of name and new plans. It will use articles, fiction and verse up to 1,500 words. It invites contributions, addressed to the Editorial Board of Struggle, The Vanguard, 308 West 141st Street, New York City, from Negro and white revolutionary writers everywhere.

J. DuBarry,
For the Editorial Board.

Dancers In "Conflict"

To The New Masses:

Edna Ocko, whose criticism of the Workers Dance League Benefit performance at the Center Theater, appeared in The New Masses, is entirely mistaken in her summation of my point of view toward a workers' audience. She claims that certain changes were made in my two group dances and that these changes indicated a "playing down" to my audience.

I should like to correct her. There was no change made in "Work and Play." The slight change made in "Conflict" which results in the "bourgeois element" remaining on-stage instead of finishing off-stage was made to strengthen the sense of power of the "militant group." This was a technical change which in no way affected the basic ideology of the composition—and certainly was not dictated by a desire to insult the intelligence of a workers' audience by "playing down" to it.

Tamiris.

Proletarian Films

To The New Masses:

The Film and Photo League on March 16 inaugurates its third series of Distinguished Film showings, the proceeds from which will be used for making revolutionary films. So far the League has completed four productions: *Workers on the Waterfront; East Side, West Side; 1934;* and *H. R. 2827.* Within two weeks it will exhibit another newsreel and the *Taxi* film. As New Masses readers know, the League is the only film organization that consistently makes revolutionary films.

Among the showings in the new series of Distinguished Films are *The Beggars' Opera, Shame, Arsenal, Marionettes, Patriots, Le Million, Mirages de Paris, The Man I Killed, Congress Dances.* Further information is available from the Film and Photo League, 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

Edward Kern.

Theater Union In Danger

To The New Masses:

So rapid has been the advance of revolutionary theatre that in New York City some critics are afraid it will capture Broadway. Even The New York Times' critic, Brooks Atkinson, said of it, "The progress of the revolutionary drama in New York City during the last two seasons was the most obvious recent development in the American theatre." Nevertheless the Theatre Union, which has been the driving force of this development, finds itself in a position of the greatest danger. Feeling the importance of bringing its plays to audiences outside New York, the Theatre Union sent its *Stevedore* company to Philadelphia where it was enormously successful, then to Chicago where two prolonged blizzards during its run and the sabotage of the capitalist press put it into financial difficulties, although it gave a tremendous stimulus to the radical movement in Chicago. The loss which came to $8,000 must be covered, as well as the $6,000 necessary for the next production, a play by Albert Maltz on the West Virginia mining camps. The Theatre Union is in danger, and we urge all members of the revolutionary cultural agencies to call for prompt financial aid from all their friends. Contributions should be sent at once to the Treasurer of the Theatre Union, 103 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

Margaret Larkin.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Negro Writer and the Congress

THERE are not many Negro revolutionary writers. This may seem strange, but despite the widespread and harrowing changes of recent years, most Negro intellectuals have remained indifferent to the leftward movement of American thought. They have continued to play the part of the meek Moses or the Black Hamlet, trying to solve their individual problems within the orbit of capitalism; or they have remained reformist interracialists, truckling to bourbon paternalism. These intellectuals fail to realize the suicidal folly of their position. They seem completely unaware of the real tradition of the Negro people. But what is still more alarming is their inability to see and understand the roles of the Negro intellectuals who have misled them.

The Negro people have a splendid tradition of revolt. Before 1860, when the vast majority of Negroes were servants or slaves, tied to a feudal peasant economy, there were hundreds of insurrections. The uniform material conditions of the plantation economy encouraged Negro national unity. In the reconstruction period, the Negro peasantry fought with muskets for the division of the land of the plantation lords, only later to be forced back into serfdom.

It is this tradition which the Negro intellectual of today has forgotten. We must appropriate and carry it onward, in our writing, music and arts. Many have followed in the path of our intellectual misleaders — from Booker Washington to Du Bois—men who have always bowed to the commands of the American ruling class. Washington stepped in to carry on the program that suited the American capitalists in the troublesome post-bellum period. There was to be no division of the land. The Negro peasantry had to be quieted. Perhaps Washington was sincere, but his conscious mission was to pander to the interests of the white owners, North and South. His program of submissiveness, his deification of the puritan ethic of money and work, his insistence on a racial inferiority, find their concrete expression in the racial degradation and prejudice that exist today.

Washington was the pioneer of the Negro misleaders who followed him through American history. Dr. Du Bois is a more modern edition of these gentry. Du Bois' life has been that of the typical careerist — full of vacillations, hatreds, and pettyfogging. More than any other Negro intellectual, perhaps, he was the product of his time. He was born into the "gilded age" — although he wasn't allowed to take full part in it because of his color. It need not be denied that he contributed valuable early work—in sociology, education, and literary criticism. But his high-hat demeanor, his disdain for the mass, his stewardship of the élite, his reformist-nationalist darker-race program and his latter-day segregationism outweigh his early contributions. Those who believe that his mission is to emancipate the Negro intellectual will soon learn that his destination is down a blind alley.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Charles Chestnutt were as much entertainers of a growing bourgeois class as Mark Twain and Bret Harte. They sought for certain bourgeois amenities, and this search is mirrored in their books. They, too, were products of their age; yet one feels that Dunbar could have written differently. He could have depicted the aspirations of the class he knew best, the Negro workers. But he fell into middle-class individualism.

During the period after the World War, European countries were on the verge of proletarian upheavals. But few Negro intellectuals knew anything of them. While the Negro people were being jimcrowed and lynched, the Negro intellectual refused to think. Post-war prosperity had lulled him to sleep; and a new form of corruption, the Harlem tradition, was inaugurated.

The American comfortable classes had prospered in the redivision of spoils and profits. They wanted new amusements and new thrills. They began to import Hindu and African fetishes. Talented young Negroes were put in the limelight by Carl Van Vechten and other sensation-seekers. Rich New Yorkers began to fawn upon and lionize the "new" Negro. Harlem became the center of the Negro intelligentsia. Negroes were glad that they could act, sing, paint, write, and entertain as well as white-skinned performers. They felt they had arrived at last. As Eugene Gordon has put it, they were "apotheosized" in "Nigger Heaven" and liked it.

Then came the crisis. Negro intellectuals have been declassed and pauperized. Many have had to put an end to their cultural studies. Retrenchments have taken away many university positions. Confronted by the new onslaughts upon the miserable living standards of the Negro people and by the new wave of terror unleashed against us, we must become cognizant of the social reasons for these conditions and, with the Negro and white masses, take up the tasks which face us as the inheritors of the revolutionary tradition of our people.

First of all, we must understand that all our "Negro problems" are rooted deep in the economic development of the United States, in the perpetuation of the old slave system in the Black Belt, in the oppression of the Negro people as a national minority, as well as in the whole character of capitalist exploitation of the working masses. These are the bases upon which Jim Crow and Judge Lynch flourish. The salvation of the Negro intellectual, as well as of the Negro people, lies in identification with the revolutionary working-class movement throughout the world. This means that we must break away from our Negro misleaders — from the upper churchmen who squabble among each other for concessions thrown to them by the American capitalists, legislators and lackey assemblymen, and by the capitalist-kept Negro press which bolsters the myth of racial destiny and the hope of individual achievement.

As writers, our craft has a social basis; it is concerned with life and practical activity. Those of us who attend the Writers' Congress will come as individual writers. Our chief tasks will be to eradicate the distorted stereotypes of the Negro people prevalent in American literature and drama; to create a literature dealing with the struggle of the Negro masses for liberation; to portray the disintegration of the Negro petty bourgeoisie. By attending this Congress, we will play our part in helping to ward off fascism. To remain passive is to abet the terrors faced by the Negro people. We must take our place in the struggle against the foes of culture and progress.

E. CLAY.

"America Faces the Future"

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Formula for a Best Seller

A HOUSE DIVIDED, by Pearl S. Buck. A John Day Book. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 353 *pages.* $2.50.

I AM indebted to a fellow novelist for a sure-fire formula on how to write a best seller, and this review affords an appropriate occasion for passing it on. The first step in the process is to select a hill. If it is a hill in Alaska, there is gold in it. If by some miracle it is located in Kansas, it yields wheat. If it exists in the deep South, it is puffy with cotton. And if it is in China, it produces soybeans. A man and his wife live in a shack on the hill. The man's father, great-grandfather and on, back and back to that fabulous day when God tripped up on mankind and flooded the world, have all lived on this hill in a little shack. The man is poor. He is very poor. But he is hardy, and sturdy, and he is rugged. He and his wife are very poor, and they have little to eat. They struggle. He wakes up the rooster in the morning, and is out with his hoe. He plants, and sometimes there is a little crop, and sometimes there is none. Because there is nature. Sometimes it snows. When it does not snow it rains. When it is not raining, it hurricanes. When it does not hurricane, it earthquakes.

There are diverse and sundry manifestations of nature. And the man and the woman in the little shack on the hill live and work, and they love each other. So that at the appropriate dates in the calendar, babies are born without benefit of a doctor. And then the man and his wife, they work even harder. And there is snow. And there is rain. And there is sleet. There is winter, spring, summer, autumn. The sun comes up. The sun goes down. Time passes, and the man and his wife in the shack on the hill become gray-haired. But off on yonder horizon, there is another hill, and in it another man and his wife live, and they are also very poor. And the son born to the first hill marries the daughter born to the second hill, and the newlyweds now own two hills. And the son of the first hill awakens the rooster each morning and goes out with his hoe. And the sun comes up. And the sun goes down. And winter comes, and then spring, and then summer, and then autumn. And it rains, snows, sleets, earthquakes, hurricanes. And times passes. And more time passes until the son of the first and second hill marries the daughter of the third hill. From then on, the formula demands a knowledge of multiplication, and the multiplication is gauged in terms of the number of volumes one is writing — one, two, or a trilogy. For at the end, out of the good earth, there has grown a rich family and a great house on a hill.

In her much publicized *The Good Earth,* Pearl S. Buck did not stick precisely to formula, but the narrative followed it sufficiently to pass muster. And in addition, her characters were unwritten-about Chinese instead of Scandinavians, hardy Englishers, Irishmen in peat bogs, or immigrants on the western plains of America.

Net result—one best seller.

And out of the loins of the sturdy man from the shack on the hill there grew a son who was destined to be other than a poor man in a shack on a hill who awakened the rooster each morning and went out to hoe and plant soybeans. And his story was chronicled in a tale of *Sons.* For he was the one known as the Tiger, and he became a general and a Chinese war lord with all the accoutrements of a great warrior in the pages of fiction. He owned a sword. He had muscles in his arm, and when he swung that sword, the very wind did stir and groan and wail and keen, so mighty were those muscles in those arms. And God have mercy on the soul of any one who stuck his neck in the path of that sword. And he had a moustache. He twirled and pulled his moustache in a manner that would have dragged envy from the very bowels of a Hollywood director. And he had a face, because even generals have faces these days. And when he saw an enemy he frowned, and that terrible frown of his worked like a left jab from Jack Dempsey. And he had a voice, because even generals have voices. And he did not speak mildly, even as you and I. He did not precisely talk. He roared. He bellowed. In simple language, he shouted. And there was dynamite in them there nostrils of the Tiger. So he became a general and a war lord in the interior of China.

Net result—a best seller.

And the general with the sword, the voice, the moustaches, and the frown like a right cross from Jack Dempsey had a son. And the son was a very sensitive moon-calf who liked poetry better than he liked war, and he actually did not know what he liked. So he ran away to the far city on the coast. There he went to school. There a maiden held his hand, and other maids did dance with him in the new foreign ways of dancing, and there did come into his blood a hotness. And he sometimes could not sleep at night with that hotness in the blood. And when the maids saw him, their hearts did get hot too, and there was the hotness in the hearts of maids, and the hotness in the blood of the sensitive young moon-calf who did not know what he did desire, but the hotness was just not hot enough. So he remained a pure young man. And he could not dedicate himself to pleasure or to revolution. But in due time he did rise up and rebel against the marriage his father did plan for him, and he joined the secret revolutionists. And they were arrested, but just as his comrades were sent off to death, his freedom was purchased. And he was sent to the foreign country to learn the new foreign knowledge.

And in the foreign country learning the new foreign knowledge, he did study hard, and he was lonely, and he was sensitive, and he was not always happy. And he did meet a girl who knew the new foreign ways of the foreign country. And her parents knew the old ways of the foreign country, because they had been educated by Protestant wowsers and they wanted to save him in the blood of the lamb. And he and the girl, they did look at the flowers early in the morning. And the girl, she kissed him. And there was that hotness in his blood, and that hotness in her heart, and it was still a hotness not quite hot enough.

And he did graduate *cum laude,* and return to his land with the new foreign clothes and the new foreign ways, and he wished to serve his country. And during the six years that he was away, the revolution had come, and

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gone, and those who had been rich were richer, and those who were poor were poorer, and there was a great buzz and stir. And he did teach the new foreign knowledge in a university, and he did fall in love. But the maid she was cold. And one night when he did go to a pleasure house and come home with wine on his breath, she did say to him that she hated him. And the sensitive, pure young man who had always been a house divided in himself, was more divided, and he was more unhappy, and he did not know what to do, and what to be or what not to be. And some of the old ways went. And more of the new foreign ways came. And then at the death bed of the Tiger, who had been the general with a sword, a moustache, a roaring voice and a frown, the right maid she did come. And they did hold hands with that hotness in their hearts. And the sensitive, pure man, he was no longer a house divided, and the top and the bottom story they were not locked against each other. And he could look to the future, and he could say to the maid, we, we two, we two need not be afraid of anything.

Net result—a best seller.

P.S.—Pearl Buck is a very dull writer with a redundant, soporific style.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

The Sidestep Philosophical

PHILOSOPHICAL IDEAS IN THE UNITED STATES, Harvey Gates Townsend. American Book Company, 1934. $2.

THE appearance of a history of American philosophy is a rare event. One seizes upon it eagerly, hoping to find some clues for the interpretation of the shifting emphases in the history of American thought. One wants an integration of philosophic movements in the colonies and later in the states with the conditions of life and the needs and aspirations of various sections and classes of the people. In this book, however, one looks in vain for such things. It is not a *history* of thought, but merely what its title says, a survey of "philosophical ideas," giving little suggestion of either the social conditions behind any philosophical movement or of the causes for the various shifts that have taken place.

To begin with, the author uses the fiction of a "national consciousness." Have we really ever had such a thing? We have had it only at rare times and in limited degree, and then usually in war. There have been city and frontier consciousness, northern and southern consciousness, merchant and worker consciousness. But "national consciousness" is a questionable term and suggests both a patriotic and idealistic approach. In similar vein he speaks of the "agony of spirit" designated as the breaking up of the feudal order. The author has heard of the economic interpretation of history and he says "it would have us believe that no forces except economic ones determine our theories." That is a crude conception of it, to say the least. Calling it a time of action, Townsend dismisses almost without notice that remarkably fertile period in American thought, between 1760 and 1820, when the materialism of Rush, Buchanan and Cooper developed, when militant deism flourished, when Madison, Hamilton and Adams set forth with bold strokes the capitalist theory of the State. He calls the thinking in times of action "more or less identical with the thinking of a fox who devises ways and means of getting into the chicken house."

Townsend is an idealist who despises all naturalism. His own opinions blatantly intrude themselves. According to him, it is always the idealists who show a "critical spirit." He associates philosophy solely with ferment and enthusiasm. In fact, he is really looking for poetry, not science or philosophy as a Marxist would understand it. "A program is a poor substitute for poetry," he says. Underneath this lies a whole system of judgments that express an aristocratic point of view. Reason lies in the few; masses of men are incapable of it. To quote directly: "Anti-intellectualism is always latent in the mass of men. Sometimes it shows itself in a popular enthusiasm, such as war, when the restraints of reason give way and people are swept along on the crest of an emotional exaltation. (The usual capitalist theory of war as caused by the stupidity of the masses. P. S.) Such an emotional outbreak, when combined with unity of purpose, spends itself in national loyalty and may be far less destructive than when it takes the form of sectarianism, religious or political, in time of peace." (p. 75ff.) In other words, the masses are given to irrational outbreaks anyway, so it is better to direct them outward into war than to let them take the form of class struggle. But this is, of course, a perfectly "objective" history of philosophy.

The book abounds with trite "metaphysical" profundities, such as: "The problems of philosophy are ever solving, but never solved"; "Common sense always evades an intellectual struggle"; or, in speaking of Emerson: "He was not after all so much like other men; he was more like—Emerson." Townsend calls Brattle our first philosopher. Why dignify Brattle, the poorest pedant, with such a title and deny it to thinkers like Roger Williams, John Wise, even the Mathers? Here were inspired views of the nature and purpose of human life. His exposition of Samuel Johnson's philosophy is meaningless, since it is no more than a cataloguing of doctrines. He dismisses Edwards' truly magnificent treatise on the "Freedom of the Will," for what seriously appear as theological reasons. He assumes (pp. 63-66) that genuine philosophical speculation must be of the traditional Platonic type. He sighs with sorrow that Thomas Paine never had the opportunity to read Kant, and childishly attacks Paine for holding the theory that evil arises out of concrete social conditions and can be cured by social action. He likewise attacks Emerson because he "did not come to close grips with the theoretical problem of evil and its metaphysical status in the universe." He praises Jefferson's idle theories of government, because they suggest Christianity and Kant to him, and never mentions Hamilton or Madison. His bias forces him to obscure significant issues rather than to bring them to light.

The book contains some fair analyses of individual thinkers, notably of Jonathan Edwards, Royce, James and Peirce. But when it comes to evaluating the thought of these men and to seeing them in historical perspective and social context, the author has nothing but balderdash to offer. Dewey, for example, is finally dismissed for not transporting the soul "on wings of aesthetic and poetic imagination," and for developing a philosophy which in lesser minds "degenerates to the service of bellies." The point is that this is no history of philosophy in America in any meaningful sense of the term history. Neither were the earlier writings by Professor Riley. The work is yet to be done. And it can be done only by a Marxist, guided by dialectical and historical materialism. Why did the merchants of Boston fight with the leading clergy over witchcraft and smallpox inoculation? What forces were behind the debates between Roger Williams and John Cotton over the relation of church and State? Who and what were the Quakers? Why did Scotch realism have such a hold in the eastern colleges? What was behind the conflict between Emersonian transcendentalism and W. T. Harris's right-wing Hegelianism? Why were Peirce, James and Dewey unable to accept materialism? These are a few of the innumerable

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questions that arise in connection with the history of American thought. Vernon Lee Parrington had some deep insights, but was neither a trained philosopher nor a Marxist. Herbert W. Schneider has given illuminating suggestions concerning Puritanism, but is too concerned with showing the *reasonableness* of orthodoxy. A vast and important task lies before the Marxist historian of American thought.

It is the task of integrating that thought with the history of social forces in America, of showing concretely its class determinants, of working out the basic problems that have confronted American thinkers and of indicating the roots of the major controversies that have occurred. Let us take a single example, the problem of the relation of the individual to the existing social institutions. This underlies the heresies of Williams and of Anne Hutchinson. It likewise is the key to the opposition of New England transcendentalism and St. Louis Hegelianism. Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau and their friends represented a kind of New England "gentry" of modest means, seeking to preserve the old, easier-going order of things against the rise of industry and its concomitant evils by their glorification of personality. Brockmeyer and Harris, however, speculated heavily in real estate out in St. Louis and found in Hegel the philosophy which justified their falling into line with the expansion of the west and the growth of capitalist enterprise. Both were idealistic because the goals they sought forced them to blind themselves to things as they were. The one failed to see the individual as a social product, the other failed to see social institutions as products of class forces and as expressing class interests.

The field is an incredibly rich one and the spade work is only begun. Such a book as Townsend's should be welcome if for no other reason than that it raises the problem by its utter neglect of it, and indicates an important sphere of work for younger American philosophy students. It is another of those provocative works which prove that the telescoped history of America's great century forms the richest material extant for the Marxian analyst of mind and morals.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Goethe and the Jews

GOETHE AND THE JEWS, by Mark Waldman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

WHEN one is angry at a man, one strikes him. If angry enough, one strikes him with whatever weapon is at hand. In "law-abiding" situations, the strike is metaphorical, not by a blow but by an epithet; and unless one is exceptionally inventive in speech, here too, one uses the handiest epithet available.

Now, in the competitive struggles that go with capitalism, we practically have chagrin written into the very nature of the State; for each transaction involved in the producing and distributing of goods demands that, in part at least, talent be employed not in helping others but in outwitting them. Under capitalism, the *competitive* use of talent, as distinguished from its *cooperative* use, is Rule One. Hence, there is everywhere the situation that provides incentive for the metaphorical blow, the vituperative epithet.

If gentile outwits gentile in this lofty commercial combat, the outwitted one, seizing the weapon nearest to hand, may call him a "bastard." Though originally implicating his whole family, the word now generally has the quality of damning him simply as an individual. But if, in the peaceful conduct of his trickeries, he is outwitted by a Jew, the enraged gentile reaches for the handiest epithet and calls his commercial antagonist a "Jew bastard," thereby damning him not merely as an individual, but as a member of a race. This linguistic generosity and scope obviously serves his vindictive purposes with maximum thoroughness. Thus does the competitive act, which is at the base of all capitalist interchange, lead in some instances to the imputation of *individual* guilt and in other instances to the imputation of *racial* guilt, depending upon the linguistic weapon that best fits the situation. And this tendency, embodied in capitalist economy, is further perpetuated by Jewish isolation, which is also embodied in capitalist economy.

The present book, *Goethe and the Jews*, shows that even so broad a man as Goethe had moments when he simply took the qualities of his language, as it was, content to get his effects as a writer by using the word "Jew" in the handy connotations which it had derived from competitive vindictiveness. But by far the greatest amount of evidence shows Goethe as a thinker who consciously wove Jewish strains into the texture of his thought, who had learned both Yiddish and Hebrew, and who repaid his debt by vigorously championing the cause of tolerance.

Communistic Jews may find the result somewhat unpalatable, since his borrowings essentially comprise the pious patterns of the Bible and Spinoza, in whom he saw, not the excommunicated atheist, but the mystic, "God-intoxicated Jew." And the book throughout is written in a spirit of nationalism which, while fully justified in the light of events, leads constantly to a misplacing of the emphasis as regards the needs of current political criticism. Yet the work does serve unanswerably the purpose advertised on its binder, as "a challenge to Hitlerism," since it shows how thoroughly Jewish thought was imbedded in the works and acts of Germany's greatest Aryan.

KENNETH BURKE.

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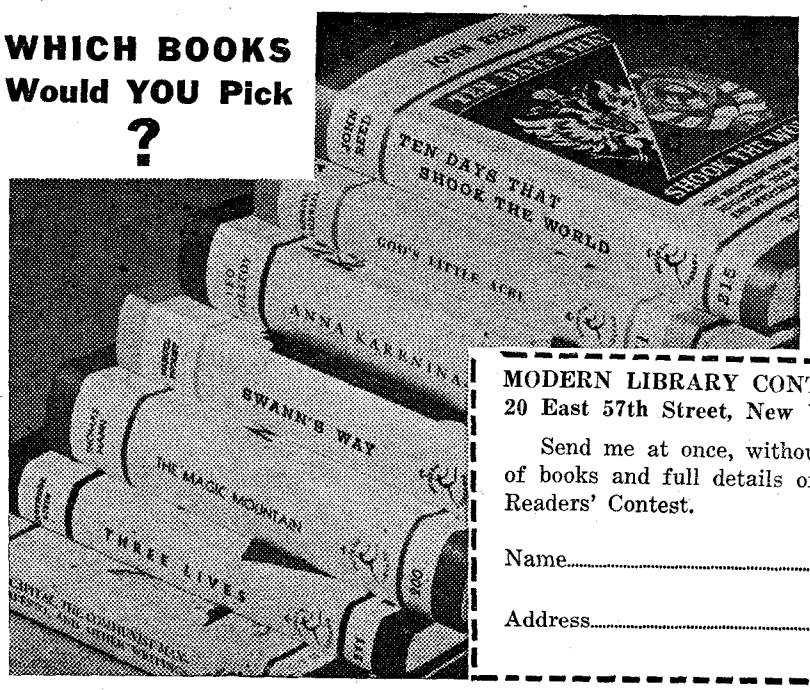

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View without Vision

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. Edited A. K. Wickham.
THE POLAR REGIONS. Edited by J. M. Scott. Numbers I and II, Life And Art In Photograph Series. Oxford University Press, American Branch. Each $2.

THERE are a hundred and four large, full-page, half-tone plates in the first of these volumes; a hundred in the other. The series is to be extended to include other aspects of life and the arts accessible to the camera. From the examples before us, the series will be of great value from the technical point of view. Rarely has it been possible to present large books so amply, clearly and well illustrated, at such a price. The selections in the Italian Renaissance volume follow the standard, which means that it is an eclectic choice and has no unity. But one hundred and four well-photographed masterpieces of painting, sculpture and architecture are good to have in any sort of assemblage. The photographs of Arctic and Antarctic scenery, animals and the figures and equipment of the human beings who live or visit there, similarly lack unity; but each photograph is interesting and all together make up a highly interesting adult picture book which very likely will become one of the volumes most frequently returned to in a library.

It is in the brief introductions to these volumes that one finds the most serious shortcomings. In the polar volume, the motive of trade which has dominated polar exploration since the first attempts to reach the Indies through North and South Sea passages, is ignored; and thus this whole important activity lasting through centuries is practically reduced to the semi-lunatic ardor of sportsmanship. Similarly, in the volume on the Italian Renaissance, no attempt is made to give the social setting or to place the energetically developing movement of art among other social forces. Instead, we have such explanations which explain nothing: "It is time to ask what *spirit* inspired this *outburst* of genius." When a writer sees "spirits" and "outbursts," his eye is obviously not focused on realities. It seems strange that at this time, when Marxian literature and the Marxian method have proved so invaluable in the analysis of culture, and at least economic and social references are generally considered indispensable, such explanation-avoiding explanations can still be complacently offered. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Brief Review

WINDFALLS, by Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

In this collection of poems, plays, and stories the author of *Within the Gates,* further proves the versatility of his genius and the difficult confusion of his point of view. O'Casey is consistently an anarchist who wastes his seed on the pointlessly mystic *weltanschaung.* This is more obvious in his plays, but even here the same defeating hopelessness is evident. The short stories which are the best part of the collection shows this especially. In "The Job," he describes the bitter insults which a chorus girl has to take to keep her position. The pungency of his comment is dissipated when the story turns into an O'Henry surprise package, and he leaves you with the feeling that her whole effort was wasted because her sweetheart failed to keep a date. "I Wanna Woman" and "The Fall in a Gentle Wind" are two other very good stories which seem to be spoilt by the same lack of consistency. Some day Sean O'Casey will see through his "pessimism" and he'll deliver a first rate work of revolutionary art.

TENTS IN MONGOLIA, by Henning Haslund. Translated from the Swedish by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier. With 64 plates and a map. E. P. Dutton Co. $5.

The author was one of a group of Nordic agriculturists who set out to establish a profitable model farm in a fertile Mongolian valley upon the development of which, as a nucleus, unemployed Scandinavians could settle in the country and prosper. The sovietization of the country interfered with this scheme and with their nearly successful attempt to make a fortune in furs. They have, as a consequence, nothing but harsh words for the Soviets. The quality of the author's mind may be indicated by his respect for medicine man magic. His observations of Mongolian life suffer from this primitive type of mentality. While some of the adventures are interesting, the manner in which they are told is of the strenuous and wearying "us boys" variety.

WOMEN IN THE SOVIET UNION. The Role of Women in Socialist Construction, by F. Nurina. International Publishers. 15c.

Women in the Soviet Union combines a brief sketch of the status of women in a socialist society with comparisons between the rights of women in various countries. It also includes notes on the lives of many Russian women, prominent and otherwise. Since the data presented is in accordance with the observations of Western sociologists who have studied this aspect of Soviet life, the pamphlet contains no factual additions to the material already available in English but it presents this material at a price and in a form which makes it available to all. It is, moreover, a real contribution in that it is an excellent example of what Russian women are reading

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about themselves. This is the type of literature which is being distributed in the U. S. S. R. wherever women gather together and it is intended to stimulate pride in the advancement of women since the Revolution and a desire to make still further progress. Propaganda it may be called, but since it is also the truth, it and hundreds of pamphlets like it must inevitably and quite rightly play an important role in forming the opinions of women throughout the Soviet Union and throughout the world.

The editors of the American edition would have been wise had they put the first chapter (How the Woman Question Is Treated by Communists, Social-Democrats and Fascists) at the end instead of at the beginning because for those who are not entirely familiar with the Communist position regarding women, international comparisons are more easily understood as conclusions than as premises to a discussion.

THE WESTWARD STAR, by Frank Ernest Hill. New York; The John Day Company. 275 *pages,* $2.50.

"We are in the vastness of the prairie," the jacket tells us. "It is 1847; the twisting line of white-topped wagons crawls towards the Pacific." Directions for the opening shot of a Hollywood covered-wagon saga? This long poem reads pretty much like it.

Emmet, the buckskin hero, is a young man with a staunch Irish republican background and a dour colonial upbringing, who got lost before he was taller than a Kentucky rifle, and went to live with the Indians. When his Indian wife died, Emmet started to wander over the plains,—looking for Gary Cooper, perhaps.

He came across a wagon-train, just in time to save it from an Indian attack; shortly after which his eyes met those of Fay Wray, or Celeste. It looked like a clinch until Emmet, making a clean breast of his life, told Celeste he had once had an Indian wife.

With Emmet acting as scout, the prairie-schooners take to a sure groove of banalities which leads to Oregon. They are snowed in. Emmet does some more saving, but not quite enough. He freezes, not before he has "criminally" known Celeste, and left her bearing his child into the country of sunsets and oranges and little gray homes.

This poem is meant to be taken seriously. It is overcharged with the author's efforts to give epic depth to its painfully idle symbolism.

Although most of the lines are written in a quiet and flowing way which sometimes touches the submerged lyrical springs of Arlington Robinson, the spirit which drives them and the author on to the end of the book is fundamentally forced. It is as if Hill, fumbling about for an American symbol, had fixed on the covered wagon. The reader comes across lines and passages which are genuine poetry with a feeling that almost amounts to pain.

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The Dance

OF THE three recent premieres Fe Alf's recital (Feb. 24, Little Theatre) was by far the most interesting and promising. Eleven solos constituted a difficult program. And while her overwhelming charm may lead one to pass over certain inadequacies of craft, one can only regard these dances as experimental. Least successful of all were the pure decorations. And the fragments from her "Birds and Man" suite, despite their substance, lacked the immediate and vibrant qualities of "The City" suite. The first of these, "Slavery," created an unmistakable picture of the worker mechanized, but its dependence on shrewd and sometimes obvious devices deprived it of full success as a proletarian dance. "Degradation," on the other hand, developed entirely from its inherent content a rapid, rich image-sequence—a brilliant, unequivocal depiction of the degradation of woman under the system of private property. Her decorative and nature dances can probably be counted on for box-office success, but artistic fulfillment is promised only by her experiments with revolutionary themes. By their intellectual clarity and emotional force they show beyond question that her future lies in the revolutionary direction.

Both Fe Alf and Kohana (March 10, Guild Theatre) are threatened by too literal dependence on music for timing. Although this may be traced to understandable artistic timidity, such dependence if unchecked leads to a fatal monotony. Just as blank verse is an unpredictable pattern of variations superimposed on a theoretical iambic pentameter line, the tempo of the music furnishes a theoretical basis for the plastic tempo. Kohana, though perhaps less musically literal, is far behind Alf in creative originality. When not remote, her compositions are either intolerably confused or frankly insignificant. All of which is disappointing in a dancer gifted with a sense of costume, choreography and two-dimensional plastic design.

The second program of the American Ballet, except for George Antheil's music, Paul Haakon's momentary appearances and some excellent costumes and sets, was an insufferable artistic fiasco. Ten years ago "Alma Mater" might have been valid, but today such satire on collegiana is nothing more than inane. "Dreams" is similarly obvious, its episodes little more than anachronisms—knaves, buffoons, pages, prince and fairy queen. And "Transcendence" if it has anything to communicate by its "Mephisto Waltz," "Ballades" of mesmerism, witches, and "Resurrection," chokes it in the swamps of mysticism. Except for William Dollar and a few others, the dancers are incompetents—which has not prevented the terrific ballyhoo, chiefly composed of blurbs by theatre critics, music critics and other "experts" on the dance.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Symposium: The Dance in the Theatre. (March 17, Studio 61, Carnegie Hall, New York.) John Martin is chairman; Doris Humphrey, Tamiris, Lillian Shapero, Sara Mildred Strauss, Stephen Karnot, the speakers. This is the first program of the newly formed Dance Guild.

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Art

AN ART COMMENTARY ON LYNCHING; Newton Galleries (closed March 2nd). Sponsored by the N.A.A.C.P.
THE STRUGGLE FOR NEGRO RIGHTS; A.C.A. Gallery, 52 West 8th St. (March 2-16.)

IF YOU saw the Theatre Union's production of *Stevedore* you will remember the difference between the two Negroes, Lonny Thompson and Jim Beals. Thompson is a "bad nigger." Bad because he won't "take it lying down." He fights for his social and economic rights. Jim Beals is a "good nigger." Bootlicking and obsequious, he is a spineless traitor to his people and his class. He would rather side with his white boss than with his black fellow-workers.

The art exhibits under consideration here might well be entitled "Jim Beals" and "Lonny Thompson." Seldom has there been a better illustration of the class character of art than in these two shows on the same general theme. Before discussing the works themselves, however, it is important to review, briefly, the social and political background which brought them about.

So long as the Negro was held in chattel slavery there was little desire to resort to lynching. The Negro was private property. The threat of the whip and gun were adequate; but with the legal abolition of chattel slavery, the Southern ruling class had to find other means of keeping the Negro down. In addition to the normal slavery of the labor market other forms were added, legal and extra-legal, such as the Debtor's Bill Law, the chain gang and lynching. Lynching developed as an attempt to terrorize the Negro into submission to the bestial conditions forced upon him by the Southern landowners and industrialists. With the onset of the economic crisis the Negro, doubly exploited, has been subjected to even more brutal conditions than the white worker, and finally with his back to the wall, he has begun to fight. It is against this struggle of the Negro to unite with the white worker that the Southern ruling class unleashed an increasing lynch terror.

But the Negro has class differentiations as all peoples have under capitalism. While the overwhelming majority of them are poor and exploited, a small handful have managed to obtain minor position and material comfort, and in return, have become excellent servants of the ruling class. Their mission it is to prevent the Negro from joining the revolutionary working class in its fight against capitalism. By throwing the Negro masses the bait of a half-baked, ineffectual reform they hope to head off the rising tide of united black and white struggle.

This explains the N.A.A.C.P. exhibition. From the forewords in the catalogue to the works in the gallery, the general impression is one of *pleading* for reform . . . of polite appeal to the good impulses of our "better people." With a few notable exceptions (Biddle, Cadmus, Duffy, Marsh, Wheelock), there is little attempt to explain lynching or attack the forces responsible for it. Most of it is chalked up against God or human nature. Many of the works are so permeated by religious spirit as to be little more than prayers in graphic and plastic form.

The A.C.A. exhibition, on the other hand, reflects the forthright militant character of the Bill for Negro Rights and Suppression of Lynching, sponsored by it. While a number of the works are similar to those shown at the Newton Galleries (and in a few instances identical), the difference is to be found primarily in two factors: The absence of religious "praying pictures," and more important, the presence of "fighting pictures."

There is undeniable anti-lynch propaganda value in powerful emotional presentations such as Noguchi's "Sculpture," Orozco's "Negroes," Gropper's "Southern Landscape," Refregier's "Death in Alabama," Sternberg's "Southern Holiday," and Harriton's "Lynching"; but in order to fight effectively against the oppression of the Negro, it is not enough merely to arouse indignation or sympathy or horror. We must also *explain* lynching graphically and plastically. We must attack the social forces responsible for lynching. In Warsager's "The Law," Siegel's "Sharecroppers" and "Southern Scene," Burck's "Southern Holiday," Quirt's "Have Faith in the Law," Hilton's "Unite," Ozanian's "The Lynchers," Marantz's "American Scene," Gellert's "Scottsboro" and Candell's "After-Dinner Speech," various approaches are used, but all of them carry the fight to a higher political level.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

SCULPTURE *Noguchi*
(Photograph by Grace Abbott)

Movies

IT HAS been pointed out many times that the American film is quite notorious for the sedative it affords the movie fans in the name of entertainment. Most of the films are so poorly conceived and so terribly constructed that they seldom achieve even the Will Hays level of "entertainment." But if the exception proves the rule, that is Columbia's new film, *The Whole Town's Talking.*

It rests on an ancient formula: fame, fortune, and the gal. Occasionally the producers let themselves go and try to produce art. Somehow they manage to raise themselves to the cultural level of Collier's fiction. And accidently they hire scenarists, a director, and a photographer who will work together. The result is apparent in *The Whole Town's Talking.* W. R. Burnett's racy story has been cleverly scenarized, appropriately photographed, skilfully directed. Director John Ford allowed Edward G. Robinson to take the fullest advantage of his role. And he has. As a result the film puts over its message ("if you are the exception you can still become wealthy and famous in this great country of ours") with a smoothness and a humor that are disarming.

Robinson plays the part of a mild office clerk with a gigantic inferiority-complex. He gets involved with the police because he is a double for a much sought-after Public Enemy No. 1. There is a girl in the office he admires very much (aside from her sex appeal) because she is such a tough guy and doesn't give a hang if she is fired for being late. There follows a series of adventures when the gangster takes the place of our rabbit-like office clerk and bumps someone off. Finally our office clerk manages to get the gangster's sub-machine gun into his hands and put the Public Enemy away for good (all you need is courage and a little luck). Thereupon he is rewarded with $25,000 for making America safe once more; he wins the girl (she always thought that "little rabbit had something in him") and goes with her to Shanghai ("all my life I've wanted to go to China and be a writer").

It would be silly to dwell on the asinine content of the film. Its funniest parts are the attempts at "social satire"—mocking the stupidity of the police and the graft-taking prison officials, the machine-like efficiency of large offices, etc. None of this ever amounts

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to really effective satire, but they are the funniest because the most skillful parts of the film. PETER ELLIS.

Current Films

The Acme Theatre is presenting a collection of Soviet short films under the misleading title of *"Soviet Russia Today,* directed and photographed by Edward Tisse." In all fairness to the Soviet cinema it must be pointed out that there is no such film as the quoted title, and that Edward Tisse directed and photographed only two reels out of the eight or ten presented: a short called *The Red Capitol.* The other Acme shorts are *Symphony of Oil* (on the Baku oil fields) directed by one Pumpiansky; *The Port of the Five Seas* (from a scenario by the American Lars Moen) on the building of the Baltic-White-Sea Canal; an ethnological document on the Goldi Tribes (*Toward a New Life*). All of these films are interesting as news about the Soviet Union and as examples of the everyday work of the Soviet documentalists. It is unfair to throw them together indiscriminately, without regard to form. They might have been shown off to better advantage as individual shorts. Mr. Radin of the Acme (and Cameo), might also proof-read his program.

A Nous la Liberté: the René Clair film will be shown at the Clarte, 304 West 58th Street, on March 14th in connection with the celebration of the Anniversary of the Paris Commune.

The Beggars' Opera: The film and Photo League presents Pabst's great film version of the Kurt Weill-Bert Brecht operetta. At the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, March 16th.

NYkino. The film section of the Theatre of Action presents its first film production: *Pie in the Sky,* produced by Ralph Steiner, Elia Kazan, Molly Day Thatcher, and Irving Lerner. On the same program *Turksib,* and a program of interesting experimental shorts. At the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street. Saturday, March 23.

Petticoat Fever, by Mark Reed. Ritz Theatre. Dennis—The Vagabond—King weaned (but for one nostalgic ballad) from dashing operetta does his gymnastic best to give the illusion of action to a trudging farce. Play recounts the plaintive tale of a "cute" British wireless man in the sex-forsaken Arctic to whom love when it finally comes must be saved from a venal blonde schemer. P. E.

Between Ourselves

IN MEMORY of her husband, Thomas Boyd, Rutch Fitch Boyd has made a number of contributions to working-class activities in which he was particularly interested. In addition to gifts to the Communist Party of Vermont, the International Labor Defense, and the League Against War and Fascism, she has turned over to the American Writers' Congress, which opens in New York, April 26, a considerable sum of money to help meet the expenses of the congress. One of the particular purposes for which the fund is to be used is to help delegates to attend the congress, who otherwise would not be able to come.

THE NEW MASSES welcomes this gift as a wholly appropriate memorial to Thomas Boyd. His lively interest in the congress, his belief in its importance, his confidence in its success, and his eagerness to participate would have led him to greet with enthusiasm so practical a plan for increasing its scope and extending its influence.

One hundred dollars of the Thomas Boyd memorial fund has been set aside as a prize for the best essay submitted for publication in THE NEW MASSES by an American student. The conditions of the Students' Essay Contest are as follows: The articles must deal with some phase of the topic—Militarism and Fascism in the Colleges, and should not be longer than 2,000 words. Manuscripts, to be eligible, must be mailed to THE NEW MASSES office not later than midnight, May 10, 1935, and the winning contribution will be published in the issue of the first week of June. The contest is open to undergraduates of any American college or university. The judges will be Corliss Lamont, Henry Hart and Granville Hicks.

Prof. Harry L. Dana will give an illustrated lecture on "New Tendencies in Soviet Drama." This lecture will be given under the joint auspices of the Workers School and New Masses, to be held Friday, March 22nd, 3:30 P. M. at the Workers School, 35 East 12th Street, second floor. Admission 25 cents. Free admission for students who are registered for the course in Revolutionary Interpretation of Modern Literature.

Frank Harrison is the pseudonym of a professor in a mid-western college who attended the N.E.A. Convention at Atlantic City. Yes—if he used his right name you know what would happen to his job.

New Masses Lectures

Friday, March 22

William E. Browder on "The Middle Class Must Choose," at 105 Thatford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Auspices: Brownsville Youth Club.

Sunday, March 24

William E. Browder on "The Middle Class Must Choose," at George Manor, 57 Walnut Street, Binghamton, N. Y. Auspices: Binghamton Workers Educational Club.

Monday, March 25

Rabbi Benjamin Goldstein on "Religion and the Social Crisis," at 224 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J. Auspices: Jack London Club.

Friday, March 29

Rabbi Benjamin Goldstein, Rabbi Jacob J. Weinstein, debate: "The Way Out for the Jews—Birobidjan or Palestine?" at Premiere Palace, 505 Sutter Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Auspices: Hindsdale Youth Club.

Friday, April 5

Joshua Kunitz on "Culture in the Soviet Union," at Bridge Plaza Workers Club, 285 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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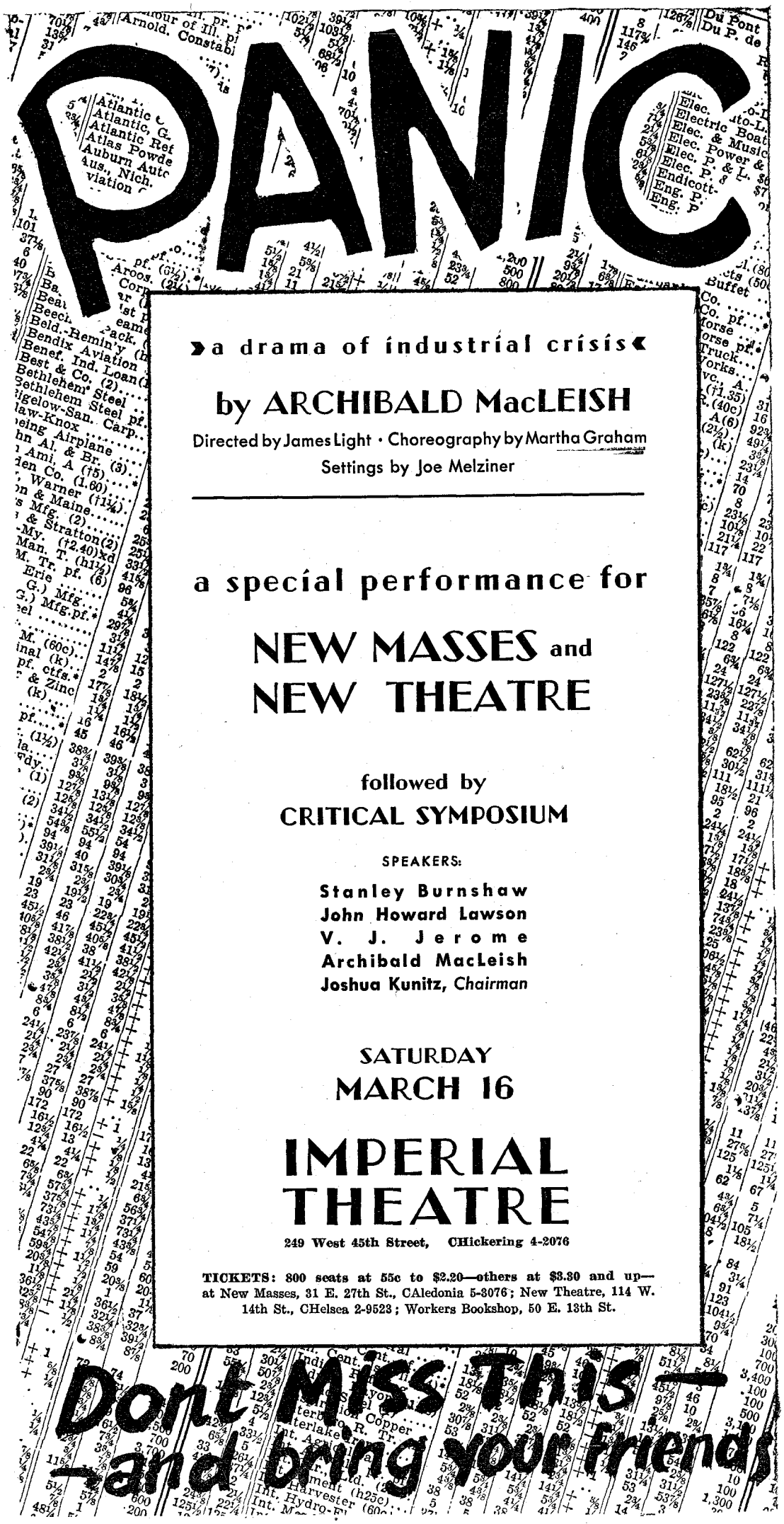

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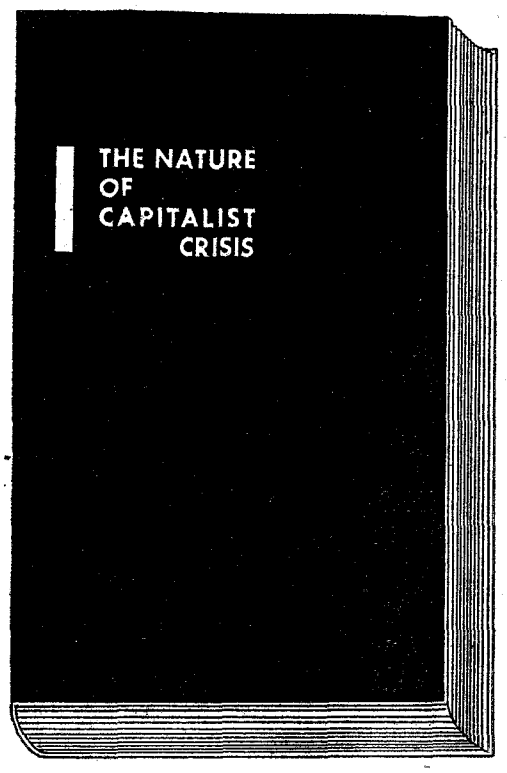

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